

July 25 cents

The American Mercury

It Needn't Happen Here

BY HERBERT HOOVER

Candidates Out of Chaos	Ulric Bell
The Myth of Jewish Unity	J. H. Pollack
You Can Have a Forest Camp	Larry Nixon
The End of Small Nations	H. N. Brailsford
Key Pittman: Frontier Statesman	Joseph H. Baird
Housing Holdup	Karl Detzer
A Deal in Bulls, A Story	Phillips Russell
A Forgotten Independence Day	Bunker Blaise
Mexico Under Cárdenas	Nathaniel Weyl
Bach Conquers America	Paul Rosenfeld
Consider the Frog	Alan Devoe
Allergy Is Where You Find It	Harry F. Swartz, M.D.
Glass Magic	J. D. Ratcliff
Regional Literature	Burton Rascoe
America in the War Zone	Eugene Lyons
AMERICANA	BOOKS
OPEN FORUM	POETRY





“Whose Vacation Is This, Anyway?”

CAMPING out is fun—if it doesn't last too long. We speak of “roughing it” and brag about the hardships entailed. But only a few years ago it wasn't considered a hardship to live this way. For most people, it was the only way they had to live.

The tin washtub, for instance. It did duty Monday mornings and Saturday nights, and the water was heated in the reservoir at the back of the wood-burning range. Splitting the wood was good exercise—but it was no fun to get up in the middle of cold nights to keep the fire going. And the feeble kerosene lamps, though better than candles, had to be continually filled.

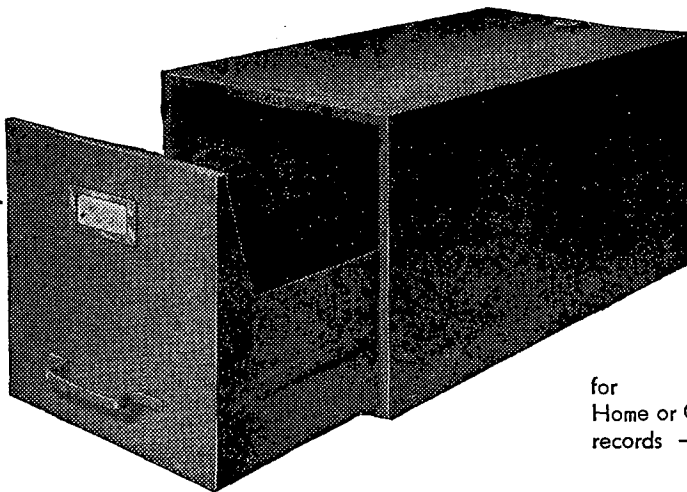
Sometimes we have to “rough it” to realize the improvements time has brought—many of them through electricity. Not only electric lights, and automatic heat, and electric appliances to make housekeeping easier, but also automobiles, better roads, better dresses.

Wherever electricity has been put to work in industry, it has brought us better-quality and lower-cost products. And because General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen are finding still more ways to make electricity useful, we can look forward to still higher living standards in America through the continued creation of More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED 2002 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



for
Home or Office
records - - -

COLE'S ALL-STEEL LETTER FILE 2.98

(12½" high x 14" wide x 24½" deep)

- Made of electrically welded furniture steel
- Front and back made of heavy 20-gauge steel
- Olive green baked enamel finish
- Equipped with brass card holder and steel handle
- Easy gliding drawer for quick reference
- Files can be interlocked into solid units

SPECIAL PRICES IN LARGER QUANTITIES

COLE'S STEEL FILE in legal size 3.98

(12½" high x 17" wide x 24½" deep)

WE PAY TRANSPORTATION CHARGES

STANDARD STEEL PRODUCTS CO.,
381 Main Street, Poughkeepsie, New York

Please send me the following: —

☐ Letter Files @ 2.98 each ☐ Legal Files @ 3.98 each

I enclose check for \$ It is understood that you pay transportation costs.

Name

Address

City State

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME L TABLE OF CONTENTS NUMBER 199

July, 1940

It Needn't Happen Here	Herbert Hoover	263
A Forgotten Independence Day	Bunker Blaise	271
The End of Small Nations	H. N. Brailsford	276
Candidates Out of Chaos	Ulric Bell	285
The Myth of Jewish Unity	J. H. Pollack	294
You Can Have a Forest Camp	Larry Nixon	300
Key Pittman: Frontier Statesman	Joseph H. Baird	306
Bach Conquers America	Paul Rosenfeld	314
Lunacy Marches On!		322
Housing Holdup	Karl Detzer	324
Poems About the War:		
I. War	Fulgence Wormhole	329
II. Crow Time	John Gould Fletcher	330
III. Aubade: 1940	Charles Edward Eaton	331
IV. Boys in the Corn	Hortense Landauer Sanger	332
Other Verse by: Helen A. Craig, Stanton A. Coblenz and Arthur W. Bell.		
Allergy Is Where You Find It	Harry F. Swartz, M.D.	333
A Deal in Bulls, <i>A Story</i>	Phillips Russell	341
Mexico Under Cárdenas	Nathaniel Weyl	349
Glass Magic	J. D. Ratcliff	354
THE STATE OF THE UNION:		
America in the War Zone	Eugene Lyons	359
AMERICANA		363
DOWN TO EARTH:		
Consider the Frog	Alan Devoe	365
THE LIBRARY:		
Regional Literature	Burton Rascoe	369
CHECK LIST		371
OPEN FORUM		374
CONTRIBUTORS		378
RECORDED MUSIC		380

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1940, by The American

Mercury, Inc. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. All rights reserved. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Publisher*

Eugene Lyons, *Editor*

Suzanne La Follette *Managing Editor*; Mildred Falk *Associate Editor*; J. W. Ferman *Business Manager*

EDWARD L. BERNAYS

A PARTNERSHIP

COUNSEL ON PUBLIC RELATIONS

420 LEXINGTON AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Good public relations counsel may be retained at moderate fees. But poor public relations advice is often costly, because it can destroy the profits and good will of a business. Clients, who have retained this organization, know to the penny, and in advance, what their fees and budgets for public relations activities will be.

Clients, who have used our services as long as nineteen years continuously, through the ups and downs of the economic cycle, have considered our aid so important in results, that other budgetary curtailments have not interrupted the continuity of our work or relations with them.

For over twenty years large and small businesses and other organizations have used us to aid them in their relationships with all their publics — including customers, dealers, distributors, stockholders and employees.

Correspondence on public relations problems is invited.

*For over 20 years leaders
in the field of
Counsel on Public Relations*

Which of these Famous BEST-SELLERS

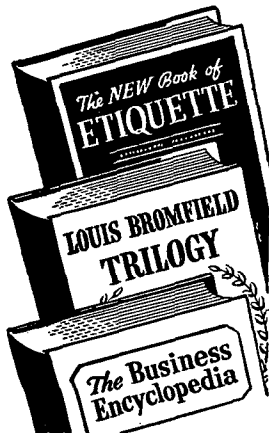
Originally Published Up to \$6.00

NOT ordinary "bargain" books or publishers' remainders. Not cheaply made books which have been reset, cut, or revised. But carefully selected titles which have earned permanent favor — finely printed from original, first-edition plates, complete and unabridged! Brand-new, handsomely bound, full-sized editions for your library. Check this list NOW and order from opposite page!

B68 BE GLAD YOU'RE NEUROTIC—*Louis F. Bisch*. Do you know that most of the world's greatest geniuses, thinkers and leaders have been neurotics? This authoritative, fascinatingly readable book includes tests to determine exactly how neurotic you are, how you may use these nervous qualities and take advantage of your special abilities. Originally \$2.00.

128 ROGET'S THESAURUS: In Dictionary Form. For the first time — ONLY \$1.00! Standard word book for every writer, student, speaker, teacher, business man. Thousands of new words, foreign words, expressions. Patented dictionary form — quicker to use — no categories, indexes. Originally \$3.00.

B80 ASK ME ANOTHER. A quiz book that will train your memory. Answers to 4,100 questions in a form that will make facts stick in your mind. Two volumes in one. Formerly \$3.00.



Do You Want for ONLY \$1.00 Each

B138 DE MAUPASSANT'S COMPLETE SHORT STORIES. All in one volume! More than 200 tales of French love, hate, passion and madness. Over 1,000 pages. Originally \$2.98.

B26 DROLL STORIES OF BALZAC. The famous tales of French love and intrigue, unabridged and unexpurgated. New illustrations. Formerly \$2.98.

148 THE DU MAURIERS—*Daphne du Maurier*. The author of *Rebecca* writes the gay, uninhibited story of her own family — a family that originated with the mistress of a Duke of York, that was to include the great novelist, George, the great actor, Sir Gerald, the brilliant novelist herself. Originally \$3.00.

32 100 WORLD'S BEST NOVELS. Condensed. Four volumes in one. Complete library of world's greatest fiction masterpieces. Fill in the gaps in your literary education. Formerly \$6.00.

174 THE BUSINESS ENCYCLOPEDIA—Edited by *Henry Marshall*. Covers all business subjects — banking, law, letter writing, arithmetic, advertising, selling, business English, credits, collections, etc. Formerly \$3.00.

B36 THE HIDDEN LINCOLN—*Emanuel Hertz*. From the hitherto unpublished letters and papers of Lincoln's law partner, Herndon, comes this most revealing, human, and really important book on America's best-loved President. Formerly \$5.00.

865 QUICK WAY TO BETTER GOLF—*Sam Snead*. Greatest money winner in golf history shows you how to help yourself. Enlarged photographs of every grip, swing, shot, explained in brief, simple captions. Perfect for home study. 247 ACTION PHOTOS. Paper Bound. ONLY \$1.00.

B145 PAINTINGS: An Introduction to Art. 100 famous paintings reproduced from the originals in great private and public collections. With ample text to give you a new appreciation of art and artists. Originally \$2.50.

144 MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND and the ISLES—*Stefan Zweig*. Superb biography of a Queen whose career was a storm

center of European politics. Formerly \$3.00.

20 STORY OF PHILOSOPHY—*Will Durant*. America's most famous modern book — the epoch-making history of humans as great thinkers, from Socrates to John Dewey. Formerly \$5.00.

B192 DAMON RUNYON ON NIBUS. 3 volumes in one! Nearly 1,000 pages of guys and dolls, thugs, mugs and ass-kickers, includes "Little Miss Marker," "Princess O'Hara," "Mone" from Home. Formerly \$6.00.

25 CLEOPATRA—*Emil Ludwig*. The world's most bewitching, glamorous figure. Cleopatra, the grande amoureuse of legend — the woman, lover, mother, warrior, queen. Formerly \$3.50.

B69 THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT MURDER—*M. Edward Marten, M.D., and Norman Cross*. The Deputy Chief Medical Examiner of the City of New York, in this sensational but sound book, takes you behind the scenes and for the first time tells of the amazing role medical science plays in the detection of murder. Originally \$3.00.

53 PRACTICAL AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY—*William S. Davis*. All about taking perfect pictures — from selecting subjects to mounting finished prints. Formerly \$2.75.

B81 DEACAMERON OF BOCCACCIO. 100 famous stories, each turning on a fine point of love. Complete, unexpurgated. Steele Savage illus. Formerly \$6.00.

35 NEW BOOK OF ETIQUETTE—*Lillian Eichler*. Completely revised and brought up-to-date. 508 pages fully indexed. Etiquette for dinners, dances, engagements, weddings, parties, visiting cards, correspondence, service of beverages, etc. Formerly \$4.00.

84 WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA—*Lowell Thomas*. Most mysterious figure of modern times revealed by famous radio commentator. Formerly \$4.00.

123 ROOSEVELT—*Emil Ludwig*. The author of the great biography of *Napoleon* now writes a clear and readable picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt's career from his early youth to the present. Originally \$3.00.

91 THE BOOK OF ORIENTAL LITERATURE. Poems, songs, tales of the culture and wisdom of the world's oldest peoples. A magic treasury of truth, beauty, philosophy. Formerly \$5.00.

B125 DEVILS, DRUGS AND DOCTORS — *Howard W. Haggard.* The fascinating story of medicine and the curiosities of medical practice, 150 drawings and photographs. Formerly \$3.50.

88 NAPOLEON — *Emil Ludwig.* One of the great books of all time — supreme biography of most thrilling figure in modern history. Formerly \$3.00.

46 THE STORY OF MANKIND — *Hendrik W. van Loon,* author of "The Arts." An essential part of every home library. An animated chronology of man's progress. 188 illustrations. Formerly \$3.00.

158 MORE FUN FOR THE FAMILY — *Jerome S. Meyer.* Hundreds of charades, quizzes, mental antics, and many other parlor stunts and games. Originally \$1.95.

96 WHY GROW OLD? — *Frank S. Caprio, M.D., and Owsley Grant, M.D.* How to control your energy, glands, health, figure — sane, sensible advice for men on keeping young in mind and body. Formerly \$2.50.

100 MARIE ANTOINETTE — *Stefen Zweig.* Amazing story of "Let them eat cake" Queen whose life of frivolity, extravagance, scandal ended on guillotine. Formerly \$3.50.

107 THE FRENCH QUARTER — *Herbert Asbury.* Unflinching account of New Orleans in its "notorious heyday" — an informal, infamous, infectious history by famous author of "The Barbary Coast." Formerly \$3.50.

60 OPPORTUNITIES IN GOVERNMENT EMPLOYMENT — *L. J. O'Rourke.* How to get a job with Federal, State, and Municipal organizations; tests, requirements, privileges, pension plans, openings in your neighborhood.

B60 OPPENHEIM SECRET SERVICE OMNIBUS. Including "The Wrath to Come," "Gabriel Samara," "Peacemaker," and "The Great Impersonation," most famous of all the Oppenheim stories. \$6.00 value.

1 CARE AND HANDLING OF DOGS — *J. L. Leonard, D.V.M.* How to select, train, mate, rear 150 breeds. Care of puppies, diets, baths, exercise, housebreaking, obedience, with children, etc. Index. 35 photos. Formerly \$2.50.

B133 SUPREME LETTER WRITER — *Cap Vernon.* Your guide to good letter writing for every occasion, business and social. New, authoritative. ONLY \$1.00.

49 KEEPING MENTALLY FIT — *Joseph Jastrow.* Easy-to-understand guide to practical psychology. Helps you think, plan, concentrate more clearly; act more decisively; get ahead more quickly! Formerly \$3.75.

B13 THE COMPLETE FORTUNE TELLER — *Diana Hawthorne.* Astrology, numerology, cards, palmistry, dreams — a fascinating book for diversion or serious use. ONLY \$1.00.

57 THE BASIC THOUGHTS OF CONFUCIUS — *The Conduct of Life.* Ed. by *Miles Menander Dawson.* Here the immortal thoughts of Confucius are applied to our daily lives. ONLY \$1.00.

163 THE LIFE OF VOLTAIRE — *S. G. Tallentyre.* With savage irony he lashed out at stupidity, injustice — crowded centuries of adventure into his literary and political life. Formerly \$6.00.

58 IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S MONEY-SAVING COOK BOOK. Now — a cook book that is guaranteed to cut your food bills 20%, or your money back! Hundreds of new ways to use left-overs, convert inexpensive dishes into sumptuous spreads, serve balanced budget meals.

B165 ART OF EXTEMPORE SPEAKING — *Abbe Baubain.* How to think on your feet, speak without notes before any audience. Formerly \$2.50.

SEND NO MONEY Choose as many of these titles as you wish. Send no money now. Simply write the numbers of the books you want on the coupon below, fill in and mail at once. We pay postage and packing. On arrival of books pay postman our special advertised price (plus a few cents government C.O.D. charge). Examine the books in your own home at your own leisure. If you are not convinced that these are the greatest values you ever saw, return the books within 5 days for full refund of purchase price! Mail this coupon NOW!

AMERICAN MERCURY
570 Lexington Ave., New York City

Please send me the books whose numbers I have written below. I will pay postman your special advertised price (plus few cents C.O.D. charge). It is distinctly understood that if I am not convinced these are the greatest book values I ever saw — I may return them within 5 days for refund of full purchase price.

Name
Address
City State

☐ POSTAGE FREE — check here if you wish to save C.O.D. charge by enclosing with coupon full amount of your order. Same refund guarantee applies, of course.

B33 ARABIAN NIGHTS, Burton's translation. An unpurged selection with new illustrations by Steele Savage. Formerly \$2.98.

34 GREAT SYMPHONIES: How to Recognize and Remember Them — *Sigmond Spahn.* New, easy way to increase enjoyment, appreciation of music.

103 SOUTH OF US — *Waldo Frank.* A rich picture of the Americas to the South, their peoples, their histories, customs, backgrounds. Lands of romance and color — and opportunity TODAY! Formerly \$3.50.

B17 WRITING SELF-TAUGHT — *Charles E. Smith.* Complete course in 1 volume. Many exercises, self-testing examinations.

909 HIT 'EM A MILE — *Jimmy Thompson.* A brand-new book on golf, featuring the drive, and showing — with hundreds of machine-gun camera photos — exactly how to "hit 'em a mile." Just published. Paper bound.

B25 THE LOUIS BROMFIELD TRILOGY. Three great modern novels that will give you hours of superb entertainment — each a best-seller. *The Green Bay Tree, Possession, and Early Autumn* — by one of America's most distinguished authors, who wrote *The Rain Came.* Originally in 3 volumes, \$7.50. Now all three at less than the price of one, handsomely bound in one volume.



You kind of hope it is — for a lot of good news and good times come your way by telephone.

Maybe it's a date for Sister Sue. Or a golf call for Dad. Or Bill asking if Jimmie can go to the movies. Or Grandma calling Mother to find out if things are all right. And

everything is more likely to be all right when there's a telephone in the home. In many, many ways, it is a real friend of the family.

The Bell System cordially invites you to visit its exhibits at the New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



The American MERCURY

IT NEEDN'T HAPPEN HERE

BY HERBERT HOOVER

TODAY ten million of our people are unemployed. Eighteen million destitute are on relief. Agriculture is propped up with government subsidies. Government expenditures excluding recoverable loans have increased over 225 per cent in eight years of peace. The deficit has nearly doubled the debt of even the Great War. Taxes are breaking the backs of those who have jobs. The initiative and enterprise of our industrialists and merchants are confused and weakened. Our national income is about 25 billion dollars less annually than it should be — and in consequence one-third of our people are living below decent standards.

To those concerned with the causes and cure of this there is something to be learned from the

disorganization and march of revolution in Europe since the World War. No one will say the situations of the United States and Europe are wholly parallel; nevertheless similar causes produce about the same effects in all human beings and their organizations.

The World War was followed abroad by the revolutions which usually come to the defeated. Most of those countries shed the last remnants of their feudal garments and donned the clothing of fully representative democracies. Their hopes were focused upon achieving the successful systems of the victors in the war. After the rise of the new democratic formations there came continued and violent social, economic and governmental upheavals. In the end some dozen

countries have gone over to dictatorships or totalitarian government in some form.

These totalitarian revolutions can be divided into two groups. In the first is Russia, which except possibly for a few months never enjoyed any system of liberty; and Spain, where democracy was overthrown in the violent clash between the communists and the fascists. In the second group are those where democracy was overthrown without much bloodshed. In this group some 250 millions of people have in the past twenty years surrendered all constitutional guarantees of personal liberty — and most of their freedom gained over two centuries.

Even before the Great War the nations in this group had their economic, social and governmental foundations in systems of liberty. Some more, some less. But by the tests of free speech, free press, free public meetings, and of trial by jury they had most of the spiritual and intellectual liberties. They had won these rights by bitter struggles over two centuries. In all these countries the economic systems have long been much the same as ours. They were based on the right of men to choose their own callings; to acquire and retain private property for the security of their

families and old age. They were systems of free private enterprise. The spread of education in some of these nations was perhaps more limited but they are peoples of high intelligence and not ignorant.

My purpose is to explore shortly the antecedent social and economic forces in motion in countries where there has been practically a peaceful rise of dictatorships or totalitarian forms. For therein lies a lesson for the United States.

To observe these forces better I revisited Europe two years ago after nineteen years absence. A unique opportunity was offered me by invitations from many European governments and municipalities who had over some years wished to show appreciation for some services I had been able to render their people in war years. I accepted these invitations because I wished to see what the vast turmoil on that continent might contribute to our own national thought. I was able to discuss the pertinent questions with the heads of some fourteen nations, their cabinet officers and leading men.

What were the impelling forces which led to this gigantic revolution in which liberty was abandoned after all this blood and suffering over two centuries? I soon

found there was a rough pattern in this absolute movement away from systems of liberty. It was not always parallel in different countries in timing or in the sequent steps or the final form. Every race moves within its own characteristics, and varied national forces are present. But the impulses which carried them over the edge of the precipice were the same.

The first outstanding fact was that *the stupendous revolution in ideas and government in these many nations had been made at the will of the people themselves*. Totalitarian government or dictatorship in some form, whether understood in its full implications or not, was welcomed by these peoples as relief from their confusions. The proof of that is that it all happened with the initial loss of life of less than one thousand persons.

It is true that once the government was transformed, some men protested — when it was too late — and found their destiny in exile or prison or execution. Nevertheless, the moment of these revolutions in almost all of these nations was achieved without military coups d'état. *The dictatorship was established by powers conferred upon the man on horseback by Parliamentary leaders or confirmed by electoral action*. Every important

dictator in Europe today obtained his right to rule by legal delegation from once self-governing people. Liberty committed suicide.

II

What were the immediate sufferings of these peoples which precipitated the gigantic overturn? *The universal pattern was the general despair of the people that democracy could solve their economic and governmental problems*. They gave up hope of any way out except by the acceptance of a dictator who might force a way through the labyrinth of difficulties in which democracy seemed to have lost itself.

What were the accumulated difficulties in those last moments of democracy? They were simple enough. In every country unemployment had become chronic. Inflation and devaluation had wiped out savings. National standards of living were sinking. Productivity was diminishing. A large part of the people was living in extreme poverty. Governments, in frantic efforts to relieve the unemployed, were piling up deficits and debt. Collapse of government credit was threatened or had already taken place. The vitality, the hope of the people was starved. The hope

of youth was stifled. Finally disorder broke out. In some cases workers seized industrial plants. In some cases governments were no longer able to take care of their unemployed. From it all arose the first demand of the human instinct: the restoration of order, discipline and productivity.

This was the situation before the collapse. But what were the antecedent causes of this lack of productive work, this chronic unemployment, this stagnation of agriculture and industry, this disintegration which exhausted governments and enthroned despair?

There were many causes. It is true there were the lingering effects of the stupendous destruction of war; there were debts, inflation, greedy speculation and manipulation, lack of vision in peace treaties, and the explosive fuel of nationalism. But out of the miseries of the war and post-war instabilities had come the growth of great pressure groups. Industries, farmers, labor, business groups, all pressed their claims. They demanded relief or subsidy, each for itself. To these pressure groups were added the subversive forces. All of them actively influenced elections. Representatives of the people were elected upon their successful bid for support of enough of these groups. Po-

litical parties disintegrated into blocs. Legislatures became impotent of any but negative action.

The effect of the subversive revolutionary forces of communism, socialism, fascism cannot be overlooked, but their effect was only to add to other and deeper confusions. Their leaders, of course, conspired to wreck the free system in hopes of control out of its debacle. They took advantage of tolerance and freedoms of liberal institutions to mislead the people. They preached of class hate, they exaggerated every abuse, they blamed every ill that swept over their borders on free institutions, they besmirched every leader opposed to them.

All sorts of other discordant leadership sprang into being. There were the sheer demagogues who to attain personal power used the universal devices of their profession ever since ancient Greece. Those devices are promise and defamation. There were the political leaders who desperately compromised with any principle, because their motive force was personal ambition for power. There were other leaders who stood staunch but were overwhelmed by the tides of popular discontent.

There were also the starry-eyed who believed government could direct the economic life of

millions through "planned economy." Their ideas were part fascist, part socialist, part economic freedom. By magic economic panaceas they would dissolve all human troubles. They professed to be devoted to civil liberty, free press, free speech, free worship, free courts and all of the protections of the person which have been built up through centuries. They had the illusion that they could have a dictated economic system and maintain the other freedoms. They were the totalitarian "liberals."

III

And if we look underneath these records of tragedy one constant force of disintegration appears to be universal. In the effort to cure social and economic ills the nature of free enterprise upon which productivity depends was lost sight of. *The planners thought they could mix totalitarian economics into systems of free enterprise.*

The motive of "planned economy" was to make the system over instead of remedying its weaknesses. Part of "planned economy" was government competition in business with the citizen. Part of it was government coercion and dictation to men of good will in the conduct of business and agriculture.

Part of it was governmental subsidy and privilege to special groups. Part of it was governmental manipulation of credit, of prices, of production. Part of it was inflation, mostly through devaluation and government expansion of credit, which undermined the savings of the people. All of it was accompanied by government deficits and debts.

The net result was to create hesitation, uncertainty and fear in every branch of free enterprise. It made impotent the individual judgment of men. These poisons weakened their initiative and enterprise, the vitality and productivity of free enterprise. With every weakening, governments were forced to further coercive steps. Unemployment became chronic, the governments piled up further laws, further deficits and debt in frantic efforts to care for the unemployed and to pay subsidies. All bureaucracy expands automatically. All officials seek more authority. Power feeds on itself. And power soon affirms that the end justifies the means.

Totalitarian economics injected into free enterprise choked the productivity of the nation. The mixture proved worse than either system alone.

When democracy began to de-

stroy free enterprise it destroyed itself. It devoured its own child.

In their miseries, sanity and reason in the people gave way to sheer rage at the apparent impotence of free government. None of these people started dictatorships with the intention of sacrificing liberty. When the dictator was vested with power to take over the economic system for the state, whether he intended to suppress civil liberties or not, inherent forces drove him to it.

When the dictator set about his compulsory economic system he found it impossible to dictate and leave men free to criticize or to organize in such fashion that they could criticize and oppose. He found it was necessary to suppress the intellectual and spiritual freedoms. Moreover, totalitarian government could not tolerate any rivals. It could not tolerate opposition political parties. All voluntary action, labor unions, chambers of commerce, farmers' organizations, and even the church organizations were dissolved because they were potential sources of criticism and opposition. Courts could not be allowed to interfere with the powers of government. Men could not be allowed trial by their peers. All that meant the abolition of the precautions and safeguards of lib-

erty. The final stage was the rise of new Caesars. And the last refuge of tyrants is war.

These causes of defeat to liberty are clearer if we look at what happened in the countries which finally resisted totalitarianism. In Great Britain the totalitarian "liberals" made great progress in mixing the economic systems under labor government. But labor as well as the other groups finally realized the approach to the precipice and by joining in a coalition government under Mr. MacDonald they saved the country, restored free enterprise, restored employment, rebuilt the national income to the highest in their history. In France, too, the totalitarian "liberals" under Blum brought the country to the ditch but it was rescued by the national effort under Daladier. Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia and Finland resisted temptation and prospered until the present war.

IV

Do I need point out the analogies of these pre-dictator periods to some recent years and events in America? The mixture of government dictation into free enterprise, the rise of pressure groups, of the starry-eyed, of the subversive,

and at times the lapse of legislatures into impotence? We too have devaluation, credit inflation, deficits and swelling debt. We find ourselves in the economic demoralization outlined in the opening paragraph of this article.

And we too have a confused and an uncertain people. Men's moods are haunted by the thought that the golden age of America is over.

Do I need point out that this movement to a compulsory economic system in America did not burst like the morning with the New Deal? Our totalitarian "liberals" had been preaching it for years. All those who for years fought to keep governmental regulation of business confined to regulation of the traffic and to cure of abuse and not extended to dictation, and all those who fought the idea of government entry into business in competition with the citizen, incurred continuous denunciation as "reactionaries."

Nor did these ideas of power economics come merely from the academic or journalistic wing of the totalitarian "liberals." Well do I remember another instance — *the real birth of the NRA*. It first appeared in a discussion before the National Electric Light Association early in the depression, in 1931. Each industry was to be dictated to

as to prices, production, and wages by government-authorized boards. Thence the United States Chamber of Commerce took it up, and placed the proposal before its component bodies by referendum. Upon the plan receiving a majority (most of whom did not realize its full import) it was formally laid before me at the White House. I could not do otherwise than describe it as a proposal leading straight to economic fascism. Later some of the traditional Republican business world who had been interested in this idea gave their support to Mr. Roosevelt in the election of 1932. They supported its passage into law by the New Deal in 1933. And then the Supreme Court found it a violation of primary liberties.

But ours is not a country for despair. There is no ground for defeatist fear that liberty is lost in America. On the contrary, there are the sure foundations of hope and confidence. Many of our totalitarian "liberals," who now realize where these ideas have led our country and what their ultimate consequence is abroad, are deserting that mixed compulsory and free economy. The American people are realizing from bitter experience where it leads.

We can recover from that ex-

perience. For we have more fat on our bones than those nations which had been stripped by the Great War. We can stand more shocks. We have a deeper tradition of liberty and a sounder system of liberty than those nations which still carried over a class inheritance from Feudalism. We have no threat against our national independence which necessitates the devotion of so impoverishing a portion of our income to arms as European nations. We have no need to send our

sons into European war and thus plunge ourselves into that immediate totalitarianism which is the inevitable need for organization of modern war. We have the powers of new invention and discovery which can give a new era of industrial progress. Our people have not lost their energies and their recuperative powers. They will move forward again to employment when confidence is restored.

And we are not quitting the fight.



SYMPHONY OF SILENCE

BY HELEN A. CRAIG

HERE moonlight on a eucalyptus weaves
 A symphony no sound articulates —
 A chord of silver silence on the leaves,
 That shimmer as a harpsichord vibrates
 When fingers loose its music;
 From the ground
 The purple shadows echo, purged of sound;
 And clear and high
 The branches silhouette against the sky
 In swaying rhythmic waves of melody
 That need no sound's translation.

From a tree
 The silver magic of the moon can free
 This throbbing burst of silent harmony.

A FORGOTTEN INDEPENDENCE DAY

By BUNKER BLAISE

THE first Declaration of Independence proclaimed on American soil was not announced in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776. It blazed forth in New Orleans nearly a decade before the famous protest of the second Continental Congress, and was issued in angry defiance of Charles III of Spain, not George III of England. Unless you have had occasion to wander down the back roads of history, you have never heard of Nicholas Chauvin de Lafrénière, an Attorney-General of old Louisiana. Yet it was he, not Thomas Jefferson, who penned the first American memorial of freedom from foreign tyranny. In a document remarkably suggestive of the celebrated pronouncement of the United Colonies, it declared:

Without liberty there are but few virtues. Despotism breeds pusillanimity and deepens the abyss of vices. Man is considered as sinning before God, only because he retains his free will. Where is the liberty of our planters, of our merchants, and of all our other inhabitants? Protection and benevolence have given way to despotism; a single authority would absorb

and annihilate everything. All ranks, without distinction, can no longer, without the risk of being taxed with guilt, do anything else but tremble, bow their necks, and lick the dust.

Those incendiary words touched off the New Orleans revolution. Standard histories, preoccupied with colonial developments on the Atlantic seaboard, do not mention it. But the story behind that dramatic outburst is replete with picturesque tragedy, forgotten heroes, and lost causes.

In 1763 the Treaty of Paris was signed, bringing to an end the Seven Years War. Under its terms France gave up Canada and all of Louisiana east of the Mississippi to England. When the news reached New Orleans, the tiny frontier town was thrown into an uproar. The impassioned Creole colonists were humiliated by the surrender. But when, a year later, they learned that Louis XV, anticipating defeat, had in addition secretly deeded New Orleans and all of Louisiana west of the Mississippi to his Bourbon cousin, Charles III of Spain, these hardy patriots were

stirred to the point of rebellion.

An assembly of delegates from every parish met in New Orleans and adopted a resolution entreating their king not to abandon them. Jean Milhet, one of the wealthiest merchants in the colony, was chosen to carry it to the foot of the throne. Meanwhile, Spain was slow in taking possession. The dissolute Louis XV — whose extravagant boudoir campaigns with Pompadour and Du Barry cost his country as much as his military ones — continued to act as sovereign for more than two years. Hope rose among the Creoles. But on March 5, 1766, Don Antonio de Ulloa, a distinguished Spanish admiral, appeared at New Orleans with two companies of musketeers. Though Governor-General Aubry immediately recognized him as the new director of Louisiana, the colonists were openly hostile. When asked by the Superior Council, the local citizens' tribunal, to exhibit his powers, Ulloa announced he would deal only with the officials of the French Crown. This affront to their favorite institution was deeply resented by the Creoles. The New Orleans militia answered by refusing to deal with Ulloa. The Spanish admiral had scarcely ninety men under arms. Without attempting to take over the government, he

prudently removed his troops to quarters at the edge of town. There he wrote a worried dispatch to the Madrid Cabinet. Louisiana was a "bleak and melancholy wilderness" and the inhabitants a "set of reprobates infected with a dangerous spirit of republicanism." About the same time Jean Milhet returned from Paris. He reported that his mission had been futile.

II

From now on the government of Louisiana continued under an extraordinary arrangement. Though the French Governor-General remained the nominal head, he issued the decrees of Ulloa. This served to fan the smoldering antagonism of the Creoles. In September a score of Spanish soldiers with fixed bayonets paraded the muddy streets of New Orleans proclaiming an official ordinance seriously affecting the commerce of the colony. Not only did it order all shipowners to appear before Ulloa so that he might fix the prices of their cargoes; but it sought to control exports. It also required acceptance of the depreciated currency in circulation.

While the colonists were still in a state of excitement, Ulloa departed for the Balize on the Gulf of Mexico. October, November,

and December passed. It was rumored that he had gone to meet Spanish re-enforcements. But Ulloa was oblivious of politics and the passing of time. One of the more eminent savants of the eighteenth century, he had brought along his books, manuscripts, and mathematical instruments, and was happily immersed in astronomical calculations. Two more months passed. Then, in March, a piece of news reached New Orleans which became the wonder of the day. The celebrated scholar had been awaiting the arrival of his bride, the young and beautiful Marchioness of Abrado, one of the richest women of Peru. Back in New Orleans, Señora de Ulloa shared the abuses heaped on her husband. When she appeared in public attended by several young Peruvian maidens of color, the Creole women passionately accused her of "keeping low company" and "associating with mulattresses."

In the succeeding months an underground movement to banish the Spaniards spread in New Orleans and the neighboring parishes. A secret association of some of the most powerful leaders began to meet at the house of Madame Pradel, the comely mistress of one of the French officials, beyond the walls of the town. There the con-

spirators used to resort at night, from different directions, and discuss their revolutionary plans. Afterwards the crystal chandeliers were lighted and they all dined sumptuously. Ulloa suspected nothing until it was too late.

In the dead of night on October 27, 1768, a group of patriots spiked the guns at the Tchoupitoulas gate. Next morning, at daybreak, Captain Jean de Noyan of the French regulars marched in at the head of a corps of Acadian exiles. Simultaneously, a strong force of German émigrés, led by Joseph Villeré, entered from the east. The planters forced their way in through the south gate. Descriptions of the makeshift militia, armed with fowling pieces, duelling pistols, and all manner of improvised weapons, recall Lexington and Concord a few years later. Ulloa barricaded himself in his house and prepared for a siege. Rumors that the Spanish frigate *Volante* was going to fire on the town produced the wildest excitement.

On the morning of the 29th, the Superior Council adopted a lengthy manifesto declaring Louisiana's political independence. It was presented by Attorney-General Lafrénière, the most influential and eloquent of the revolutionaries, and signed by six hundred planters. Known as

the *Memorial of the Planters, Merchants, and other Inhabitants of Louisiana on the Event of October 29, 1768*, it bore a striking resemblance to the later Philadelphia declaration. After proclaiming that "Without liberty there are but few virtues," it went on to recite the colonists' grievances in detail and to blast autocracy in stinging language. It demanded the immediate expulsion of Ulloa.

Governor-General Aubry frantically took every precaution to protect the Spaniards. He pleaded with Lafrénière to give up his mad designs. But the Attorney-General was resolute. In the evening Aubry, seeing that — to use his own words — "all was in a state of combustion," informed Ulloa he could not answer for his life. "Everything is topsy-turvy," Aubry complained in a letter to the French Prime Minister. "It is desired that I remain Governor, and much apparent respect is shown me; but I am not obeyed."

On the evening of the 31st, Ulloa embarked on a French vessel because, allegedly, the frigate was in need of repairs. Next morning at dawn a band of tipsy colonists appeared on the bank of the river singing patriotic songs. One of them cut the ship's moorings. Ulloa and his wife floated down stream to sail

eventually for Spain, where they became two of the most brilliant ornaments of the court.

III

During the months that followed, the Superior Council assumed the functions of government. The members proposed making New Orleans a free port, and forming a republic where the needy and oppressed of all nations could find refuge. Plans were drafted for an administrative council of forty representatives elected by the people. It was to be headed by a president styled the Lord Protector. If their scheme had been executed, Lafrénière undoubtedly would have been the George Washington of Louisiana. But conditions were unsettled. Louisiana's total population hardly numbered 1,800 men able to bear arms. Repeated rumors of the extensive preparations Spain was making to put down the revolt alarmed the insurgents and discouraged definite action.

On August 17, 1769, Don Alexander O'Reilly, Spain's crack generalissimo, cast anchor at the New Orleans levee with a formidable armada of twenty-four ships of the line. The next day flying bridges were dropped and fifty pieces of field artillery landed. Solid columns

of troops numbering some 2600 men marched with well-drilled precision into the *Place d'Armes*. The flag of France was struck from the mast in the square and the insignia of Spain raised in its place. At the same time a salute from the batteries of the twenty-four warships rocked the earth, and dispelled all ideas of resistance.

Twelve of the chief instigators of the New Orleans revolt were clamped into irons. One of them, Joseph Villeré, had planned to flee to Canada. The Spanish report says that, "being of an exceedingly violent temper," he was thrown into such a fit of frenzy at his unexpected arrest that he died raving mad several hours later. After a speedy trial the prisoners were found guilty, and sentence was pronounced. Attorney-General Lafrenière, Jean de Noyan, Pierre Caresse, Pierre Marquis, and Joseph Milhet were condemned to "the ordinary pain of the gallows," each to be led to the place of execution on an ass with a rope around his neck. One, Joseph Petit, was sentenced to "perpetual imprisonment" in the dungeons of Morro Castle. Balthasur de Masan, Julien Doucet, Hardy de Boisblanc, Jean Milhet, and Pierre Poupet, all leading Creole citizens, were committed to the same prison for

periods of from six to ten years. Villeré's memory was found guilty and condemned "to be held and reputed forever infamous."

Though high rewards were offered, no one in all Louisiana could be found to act as hangman. O'Reilly finally had to stand his prisoners before a firing squad. On October 25, at three in the afternoon, the Lisbon regiment marched the doomed men into the barracks square on Chartres Street, next to the Ursuline convent. While the reports of the executioners' guns rattled the windows, the terrified nuns knelt in prayer, mumbling the last rites for departed souls.

Thus, years before the United Colonies "in the course of human events" served notice on England—at a time when Benjamin Franklin was still cutting a figure in London society, when Samuel Adams was busy with his family brewery business, and Thomas Jefferson had just begun to dabble in politics—a handful of Creole patriots made an heroic, though unsuccessful, stand for republican principles on this continent. In time to come Louisiana flourished under Spanish rule; but the democratic colonists continued to revere the memory of October 29, 1768. It was, in fact, the first Independence Day in America.

► *Great empires or a federated Europe?*
The end of the war will also mean

THE END OF SMALL NATIONS

BY H. N. BRAILSFORD

OF all the proverbs that delude mankind, the saying that "history repeats itself" is the most deceptive. The generation of Englishmen and Frenchmen that finds itself for a second time engaged in a major European war does not feel and will not act as it did on the last occasion. It is more skeptical and more realistic; experience has hardened it against the magic of phrases. It knows that it is fighting for survival, and if it is aware of any purpose more idealistic, this also is defensive. In opposition to the totalitarian systems it has become aware of certain values that underlie the Atlantic civilization, above all humanity and the freedom of the intellect. It fights, therefore, for the preservation of all it has and is, and it would require more than the eloquence of a Wilson to lure it into the facile liberal optimism that led to the creation of the League of Nations. If Europe, when it staggers out of this struggle, is capable of any effort of construction at all, it will be on solidier lines.

The problem that Hitler and Stalin have set for contemporary Europe is nothing less than the choice between empire or federation. Wilsonian liberalism, nurtured in the ideals of 1848, believed that a multitude of little states, each sovereign, each independent, would safely lead their separate lives in Europe in the shadow of the great powers. Viewed from the standpoint of cultural and economic progress, the scheme at its best was reactionary. The Baltic states, for example, had led a richer cultural life when they were part of the Russian Empire, than they enjoyed as independent republics. The multiplication of customs barriers in Central and Eastern Europe was a backward step, that lowered the level of material prosperity and deprived its inhabitants of much of the gain that the development of large-scale industry might have brought them. Broken into these fragments, Europe lived after the war a meaner and narrower existence than it had enjoyed under three great Empires.

But the real objection to these arrangements was that they shirked the problem of military power. It was fantastic to suppose that a republic like Lithuania could enjoy a sovereign independence which it could not defend. Three great neighbors had claims of varying kinds upon it. It could pose as an independent power so long as these three watched each other with jealous hostility. Thanks to their mutual suspicions it survived for twenty years. Last summer Stalin and Hitler came to terms and wiped out Poland in partnership. Lithuania then became the protected vassal of Moscow and opened its frontiers to a Russian garrison. The same fate, with variations, has befallen all the minor states created by the Peace of Paris, together with some others.

The broad conclusion from this chapter of contemporary history is that sovereign independence is a function of military and industrial power. The state that lacks the wealth and the developed modern industry to create an adequate mechanized army and air force cannot hope to be in any real sense of the word independent. The Czechs were too few, the Poles too backward and too poor. It is true that on the fringes of this distracted Continent a few states of

the second or third rank still survive. But Hungary has no will of her own. Yugoslavia has become Italy's junior partner. Rumania and Greece have accepted the guarantee of the Western powers. Turkey has received their loans and grants and in return has become an instrument of their policy.

The reader may have his own guess as to how this war will end. Nothing is certain save that it cannot restore the conception of sovereign, national independence as the nineteenth century understood it. If Germany can win a decided victory, the whole Continent beyond the Maginot Line becomes her *Lebensraum*. Her military power will dominate it and her industry exploit it. Within it she will tolerate no democracy, and Dr. Goebbels' propaganda will form its mind. The relations of the Germans with the other peoples of their Europe will be those of a master-race with its helots. Italy may retain a quasi-independence and Russia remain aloof, with a fringe of vassals to isolate her.

But in the other event what may we expect? A decided victory for the Western powers means first of all the restoration as free nations of the Czechs, Poles, Danes and Norwegians. It will be for them to decide their own system of internal

self-government. But their future safety will depend on their relationship with Britain and France, for as before the Czechs will lack the numbers and the Poles the advanced industry on which military power in the modern world depends, while the Danes and Norwegians lack both. The same thing is true of the Balkan states. Even if they could compose their differences and form a solid alliance or even a federation among themselves, it could not hope to enjoy the reality of independence.

The state or group of states that aspires to stand alone and steer its own course in the world must have the wealth and the industrial efficiency to manufacture its own airplanes and tanks. If it cannot do that, it must become the client of those who can. The banks of London and Paris will lend to it the wealth that alone can buy safety, but in that case the relationship, though courtesy may disguise it, will be one of dependence. The yoke of the Western powers may be relatively light: they do not impose their own political institutions or their own social philosophy upon their clients. But they do require that the client shall conform his external policy to theirs: and in one degree or another they reckon on some financial advantage from

this relationship. They may describe it, for the sake of good manners, as an alliance, but that word is misleading when there is a marked inequality in military or economic power between allies. In reality the great power and its client states form an empire. The political unit of tomorrow cannot be the national state of the Old World. Airpower based on great capital resources and elaborate industrial equipment has rendered it obsolete. The political unit of tomorrow will be a group of states revolving in the orbit of a great power or powers. What concerns us is the structure of this composite group. Will it be Empire or Federation?

II

But surely, if the Western powers win, we may count on some measure of disarmament? Doubtless we may: an impoverished continent will have no choice. But if it follows precedent by imposing some roughly proportionate reduction all round, it can alter nothing in the balance of power. What matters in the modern world is rather the ability to manufacture arms than their actual possession. An hour's work will convert a passenger airplane into a bomber and

submarines are now built, like Ford cars, on a conveyor by the methods of mass production. The West may possibly repeat the folly of Versailles: it may disarm Germany, while retaining its own weapons. That solution would be even less satisfactory than it was on the last occasion, since three powers, Italy, Japan and Russia, would keep their arms. The German people would again be poisoned by its resentment against its inferior status, and again it would revolt against the democracies, which would have to stand over it chained to their sentry box. No conceivable measure of disarmament can rob it of its numbers and its industrial power.

On the possibility that the Genevan League may be revived we need waste few words. It was the invention of jurists, who ignored economics and misunderstood military power. They believed that sovereign states, which retained all their independence, would none the less obey a lawyer's contract that bound them to assist each other in their hour of need. They built their flimsy structure on a contradiction. A power which arms, as Britain and France did, on the assumption that its own fleet and army must suffice to insure its own safety, will not suddenly behave as if it were its brother's

keeper. A power which adjusts its tariffs and administers its empire for its own advantage alone, will not act, even in a crisis, on the principle of mutual aid.

Collective security is a possible rule of life only if considerations of the common interest penetrate the entire relationship between states. When men trade and tax, invest and plan for the general good of a group of states, it will seem axiomatic that they should defend its safety as they defend their own. This enlargement of the political and economic unit may be a slow growth, but the League's constitution, so far from promoting it, forbade it. It began by affirming the absolute sovereignty of all its members, and so, logically enough, it required for action or legislation the consent of each and all. The result was that it acted feebly and legislated only on minor details. The outward sign of any effective international society will be the adoption in some form of a procedure by majority vote.

After these theoretical considerations, let us next inquire in what direction the Western Allies are moving; since any tendency to federate can spring, if anywhere, only from them. What has happened since war overtook them has been a conscious and deliberate

movement towards fusion between Britain and France. They fight under a single command: their policy and strategy is determined by their chief ministers sitting as a Supreme Council, which is in effect, as M. Daladier has said, a single Cabinet. They coordinate their economic efforts closely. They support each others' currencies, conduct their foreign buying by agreement, and control their shipping and their manufacture of munitions in close touch. They have even reached the point of sharing their machine tools, so that these shall be used continuously to the best advantage. They have begun to dovetail their educational systems and to plan cooperation in their colonial administrations. The significant thing about all this is that each government has said with equal emphasis that it regards this fusion of interests as a permanent departure, designed for peace no less than for war. Each has added to this statement an invitation to others to join in this association on equal terms.

All this, however, is as yet only an alliance, albeit of an intimacy without precedent in history. It may be making the habits of thought that are indispensable to federation, but it has not crossed the dividing line, or even tres-

passed on it. Britain and France have surrendered no part of their sovereignty. Their Ministers, when they meet, represent each his own sovereign State: when after debate or compromise they can agree on action, they do in fact act together. But there is no machinery of government that speaks or acts for them as a single whole. Each is a democracy, but there are no joint sittings of Chamber and Commons, and nothing more than a consultative meeting between parliamentary delegations has even been suggested. A federal union between two partners would never be easy to arrange. If it had a Congress that represented populations on a numerical basis, the French, with the smaller numbers, would fear that they could always be outvoted. The problem of political structure will call for decision only when a group of four, five or more states is prepared in peace for a permanent association, economic, military and political, as intimate as the present Franco-British partnership. Then it will have to ask whether it shall form a federation, however rudimentary, or merely an alliance. The latter, as we have seen, could be only a disguise, however plausible, for a quasi-imperial system. For the sake of safety and survival, the client states of the

second and third rank would revolve as satellites round the great powers.

There is already a strong tide of opinion in England making for federation. Lord Halifax has spoken of it with sympathy, albeit with caution. The ablest of conservative ex-ministers, Mr. Amery, is a strong partisan and so is the Archbishop of York, a progressive who wields great influence, since he is commonly only slightly ahead of the majority view. The Labor Party has declared that "Europe must federate or perish." There is, moreover, an all-party organization, Federal Union, which is growing with startling rapidity. Its success, under all the handicaps that war enforces, suggests that the average man and woman of intelligence is thinking on this issue faster than the politicians.

III

It is hampered in my opinion by its tendency to interpret federation in the sense that Mr. Clarence Streit gave to it in a book that awakened keen interest even before the outbreak of this war. This able treatise lacked the sense for history. The analogy of the thirteen original American states on which Mr. Streit builds his entire argument is

wholly misleading. These states had no immemorial past of independence to surrender and no pride in their world-wide power; they had, moreover, a common political and cultural heritage and a common language. The eighteenth century thinking that underlies the American Constitution is not a mold into which the political systems of contemporary Europe could be fitted. If ever Europe federates, it will be with less regard to abstract logic and more to practical convenience. Certainly it will shun any rigid constitution. Local interests, moreover, are far too strong to allow of more than a gradual and partial lowering of tariff barriers.

But it is conceivable that the logic of security will drive all or some of the European states to create a common defense force for air, sea and land. If they do this, they must reduce their own national forces to the level of a militia or police. Common defense implies a common foreign policy under a single ministry or council, which would have to manage all the foreign relations of its members, and undertake the protection of the lives and interests of all their citizens beyond its frontiers. It is axiomatic that dependent colonies must come under the ultimate con-

trol of the federation, and that their former rulers must abandon all the privileges of ownership and monopoly. The control of communications and of currencies should fall to the federation. The requirement of a common foreign policy would oblige it to control foreign investment. In a common system for the control of credit and investment, it would have a leverage that might enable it to attempt economic planning on an international scale. Through a federal university and through a federal wireless station it might work for cultural solidarity.

The difficulties are obvious. One need not dwell on the obstacle of language, on the inertia of mankind, nor on the tyrannous strength of traditional nationalism. The chief difficulty is that while every citizen would gain safety, an enhancement of prosperity and a sense that civilization had returned to this earth, on a short view many entrenched interests would suffer — the ruling class that looks on the empire as its entailed estate and on the army and navy as a field for its sons' careers; the captains of "big business" who wield in a national capital an influence which would be very much feeblener at the federal center. Federation, on this showing, could come about only if

progressive ministries, based on the masses, were in office in London and Paris at or soon after the end of the war. The French are likely to favor the idea, for they wished to endow the League with a common army, and saw the economic advantages of M. Briand's abortive proposal for a United States of Europe. The smaller states will certainly prefer a federation to a Grand Alliance.

To my thinking, the fundamental difficulty, the superstition of national sovereignty, can be overcome only in one way. The federation must repose authority in a Congress that represents its peoples. The curse of the Genevan Assembly was that its national delegations voted as solid units. The result was that every decision was a trial of strength between the great powers, with the little states skirmishing round them. What really voted was the British Navy and the Bank of England. On this plan one could never escape from power-politics. If, however, the delegates to Congress voted as individuals, decisions would follow the normal dividing lines of opinion and class interest, rather than those of nationality. Only in this way can we hope to reach democratic government by majority vote.

The mention of democracy raises

the most thorny question of all. Would the federation admit only states that satisfied the Western conception of democracy? Must it exclude not merely the defiantly fascist powers, like Italy and Spain, but Russia also, and the hermaphrodites, Poland as she was or Rumania as she is? The dilemma seems insoluble. On the one hand it is certain that some measure of ideological sympathy is essential for cordial cooperation. Representatives of the British and French Left would not sit quietly on the same bench with Spanish fascists. Again, it is clear that fascists, who aim solely at the advancement of their national state, could not cooperate sincerely in a European federation. Finally, without freedom of the press in all its member states, there could be no useful discussion of its common affairs. On the other hand, this ideological argument cuts clean across the realistic requirements of defense. The federation ought to control a continuous stretch of territory. It must throw its shield over the weaker European states, however disreputable their internal politics may be, for if it fails to do so, they will again tempt an aggressor. It ought to take over the narrow waterways, notably the Straits of Gibraltar, the Suez Canal and the

Dardanelles — a difficult requirement, unless Egypt and Turkey were members.

What, finally, do we mean by "Europe?" For the purpose of defending Western civilization, Europe begins with Britain and France. But both of them have overseas empires. It might not be difficult to include their dependent colonies. But what shall we say of the British Dominions, or of a self-governing India? To include Canada and New Zealand would be to make nonsense of the European idea. To exclude them would be to smash the British Commonwealth. Safety would demand the inclusion of the whole Mediterranean area. Russia raises peculiar difficulties. Every exclusion seems invidious, yet one prime cause of the League's failure was that it took the world for its parish. Western and Central Europe is, on the other hand, a natural unit, with a common culture, a common history and a manageable area. But it cannot federate until the Germans have returned to the morals of Western civilization. I have not discussed Mr. Streit's rival proposal of an Atlantic Federation, for the simple reason that I cannot conceive as possible the entry of the United States.

The logic of history and every argument of self-preservation make

for Europe's federation. If we consent to make two optimistic assumptions — that the West wins and that progressives come into office — it is probable that an attempt will be made to create it. It would be a grave mistake to repeat the procedure of Versailles by including the federal plan in the treaty that ends the war. A year or two of peace should be spent in preparing the way. My own conception of how to do it would be to inaugurate with the armistice a vast international scheme of public works. That would mean salvation to the soldiers and workers of both sides, as they faced the terrors of unemployment beside cold forges and silent guns. The aim should be

to employ Englishmen, Frenchmen and Germans to make for the backward peoples, white and colored, in the colonies and the client states, the equipment that in time may lift the level of life of the primary producers up to that of the industrial workers. In no better way could that consciousness of solidarity be promoted which is the moral foundation of federation. If for this purpose, after the ruin and hate of war, Europeans could combine for mutual aid, there might arise from their cooperation a call for unity so imperious that it would compel their governments to federate. But it is easier to see such visions than to bring to power the men who might give them reality.



PHILOSOPHY

The problems of the universe
Like great cliffs stand at bay
While human thought is gnawing them
With its persistent spray.

— ERNESTINE E. MERCER

► *Presidential conventions are circuses!*
Democracy on the loose again produces

CANDIDATES OUT OF CHAOS

BY ULRIC BELL

NOWHERE in Christendom is there an institution so outmoded, so bound round with haywire and so superlatively silly as a national political convention. It is a lark, a spectacle in the grand manner, a form of mass dementia, a hogwallow, a fine howdy-do. Its inaneity at times rises above even the topmost imbecilities of individual political medicine men. It is democracy on the loose.

As a method of selecting presidential candidates it is as up-to-date as the pterodactyl or the dodo. Yet nowhere on the horizon, with the 1940 conclaves hard ahead, is there the faintest flicker of hope that this cockeyed catch-as-catch-can system will soon be supplanted by a national primary. Nobody cares — much — at a time when democracy ought to be making its best use of reason. It is true that a few ardent dreamers have proposed at least to curb the flow of drivel and the paroxysms of din. Since the last two quadrennial busts, men in both parties have timidly suggested rules to limit the hokum and

the hogwash. But if the coming jamborees at Philadelphia and Chicago differ essentially from those of the past, look for blood-spots on the moon. Senator Norris of Nebraska has even proposed a Constitutional amendment to change the electoral college system which is responsible for the way the parties behave. But neither in the hinterland nor on the seaboard has there been any stampede to the old reformer's banner. The folks don't want to be deprived of their right to be suffocated with drool and to slaver over a lot of air-fanners who might be Stalins if they could get away with it. Like it or not, yon freeborn American loves to *heil* with the worst of them. Maybe he won't go for a swastika, but he'll take a little of the same in the form of a noisy stuffed shirt.

Glance at a few episodes in modern convention annals. Take that June afternoon in the old Madison Square Garden in 1924, when the ever-yearning William Gibbs McAdoo was put in nomination. No sooner had his name been at length

imparted to the panting hosts than what is technically called a demonstration was unleashed. McAdoo's assorted kleagles, bluenoses, lady-uplifters, horse-wranglers and Populists, many of them out on one of the biggest binges of the prohibition era, sought to set the pace for Al Smith's oncoming and mixed legions. As if hexed by the McAdoo name, they marched and yowled and yipped for one hour and seventeen minutes. Banners waved. Bands crashed to punctuate the fanatical yells. When the lines in the aisles wavered, another burst of music would start them again. But on the following day, when the Honorable F. D. Roosevelt got through naming Happy Warrior Smith as the sure-fire man of destiny, Father Knickerbocker and his compatriots in sin hit back at the arid prairies. The delegates and gate-crashers screamed, wept, sang and paraded for one hour and thirty minutes. The accompaniments were the same, but the Smith disciples were louder and took longer. While F. D. was giving his all to Al, a voice kept interrupting: "That is wonderful, Mr. Roosevelt."

At the start, when Pat Harrison was keynoting the massacre to come, calling for a Paul Revere to lead the unterrified, the record

shows that his mention of Woodrow Wilson after an hour or so of yammering caused a twenty-minute hiatus. During those twenty minutes the roof was raised. The warring tongs merged temporarily in as false a show of unity as ever was staged by arm-linked statesmen, speakeasy proprietors, Tammany toughs, Senators, Bible-belt bigots, ward-heelers and WCTU sisters. And, says the record, "Miss Anna Case sang the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, the convention joining in the chorus," before the Honorable Pat was allowed to proceed. In passing it may be noted that hymns always mingle with hangovers at conventions and that practically everyone above the rank of constable is an Honorable.

After four days of soul-racking "man-whoing" the delegates got all the candidates nominated and seconded, making sure that even no tenth-rate pomposity was overlooked in the oratorical process. And after fourteen days of hate and havoc the fratricides at last, on the 103d ballot, met the call for a Paul Revere. He was neither Paul, Al, nor Mac, but one of Morgan's men, the man nobody wanted, the eminent Wall Street lawyer, Mr. John W. Davis. As much of a surprise was his running mate, the Brother Charley of that noble

anti-Wall Streeter, Bill Bryan. Charley was taken aback when they found him in the men's room and told him how Brother Bill had resolved his long-time aversion to corporate influence.

Thus did the bright evangelists of Democracy, utilizing the only process they know for picking Presidential candidates, meet the historic opportunity that came from the stench of Teapot Dome. Except for its length and its overtone of bigotry, the Madison Square show was a typical national convention — one of a long line since Andrew Jackson started the crazy process. Before and since, they have been marked by as much ballyhoo, as much lunacy, and as much skylarking with destiny.

Ideal conditions prevail this summer for another spectacular orgy of inanity. God help sensitive souls when all the emotions of the past few months, genuine and false, converge upon the conventions. The Almighty will be subject to drafts from a thousand sonorous throats. Home and mother love — “Not a single drop of the blood of a single mother's son will be shed” — will be made to seem vital issues for hordes of horn-tooting, hollering and often bleary-eyed citizens whose one real yearning in such an atmosphere is not to be called

upon to celebrate. And the Republicans, meeting at Philadelphia this year, will wallow in the Cradle of Liberty as the Democrats did four years ago. Every wraith in Independence Hall will once more be marched again and again up and down the convention aisles; and part of the din will be the tintinnabulation of the Liberty Bell, ringing now for the Republicans as it did then for the Democrats. Patrioteering comes to national conventions as surely as the delegates do.

II

It is a gaga way of shaping government, but proposals to change it have to contend not only with popular indifference, but with the Constitutional provision reposing the electoral process in the states. To be sure, in more than half the states the voters have some chance to indicate their choice in Presidential primaries. But the laws are a jumble — part of a crazy-quilt of all kinds of statutes which the people tolerate in the name of state sovereignty. (States' rights, by the way, is a subject a Democratic yodeler can roll over his larynx to advantage in any Democratic gathering, no matter what moss-grown evil he is covering up.) And in the

rest of the states the hand-plucking of delegates persists through the method of corralling them in county, district, and state conventions. In the South, GOP delegates can still be bargained for like so many watermelons on the vine. As convention time approaches, this can make Tieless Joe Tolbert of Ninety-Six, South Carolina, as potent a party patriarch as Henry L. Stimson; dusky Perry Howard of Mississippi can rival Herbert Hoover in a way.

Pause here to consider the same Perry Howard. Perry always has his inning at conventions. At Cleveland in 1936, he stood on the rostrum before 16,000 yelling patriots to "pledge" the support of his race to the party in the name of the mouldering bones of John Brown because, he said, John Brown was a Republican. The band played *John Brown's Body* and even the smuggest topflighters smirked with satisfaction on the pleasing scene. There was the solemn pledge that the Negro vote would stay with Republicanism in November. But the Negro vote largely went the other way. Perry was just following the fashion of his white brethren, in convention assembled, in flinging horsefeathers. He's slated for another inning this summer.

But the Democrats were not to

be outdone in recognition of the Negro vote. At Philadelphia they paid their respects to Perry Howard by including a Negro preacher in their line-up. This made "Cotton Ed" Smith, South Carolina's rabble-rousing defender of white supremacy, a more indignant walker-out than the more famous Al of the same surname. "Please God, he was as black as melted midnight," outraged old Ed told astounded and gaping fellow-Democrats back home. But the Negro preacher had his moment along with the white parsons carefully chosen to represent Catholic, Protestant and Jew.

Even though it has been extended, the state primary system leads only into this sort of thing. And it does not prevent the national convention from becoming a powerhouse of pernicious politics. Neither does the Hatch Act, barring lower-bracket office holders from wearing delegates' badges, prevent their sisters and cousins and aunts from doing the voting and yowling. The higher-ups have taken care to exempt themselves from the law; they won't be robbed of their time to strut, to hear the hosannas and hallelujahs and, if they are adept at it, to play on the weaknesses of the mob. Or even to join in those hotel-room conferences of a handful of bosses, which

so often shape the destinies of the party out of any semblance to the popular will as expressed in conventions or primaries.

For the primary results are not binding very long in a national convention. Theodore Roosevelt won most primary contests in 1912, but Taft was named. Charles Evans Hughes wasn't even in the 1916 primaries, but was drafted. Wood, Lowden, and Hiram Johnson did the early primary battling in 1920, but Harding was the man. Borah was the leading popular choice among Republicans in 1936; Landon ran in only three primaries.

One of the most tragic conventions in history was that in Chicago in 1920. General Wood and Governor Lowden were the top men, with Lowden leading until the Missouri delegate-buying scandal broke around his ears. A deadlock resulted. Harry Daugherty moved into a smoke-filled room and out came Harding, normalcy, and Teapot Dome. The tired delegates were easy to stampede. The bands played, amid that ballyhoo, what might as well have been a dirge. Few of the voters in the primaries, few delegates in the convention, had even thought of Harding until the last.

"Who but Hoover?" was the whole overtone of the Kansas City

conclave of 1928. But a phalanx of so-called favorite sons, hating Hoover, did their best to stop him. The question-mark remained until Andy Mellon moved in with Pennsylvania's delegates. Wilson may have been the popular Democratic figure of 1912, but it took Bryan — the same Bryan who burst from the silent prairies in 'ninety-six — to battle it out with August Belmont and the other fatter cats who wanted Champ Clark. Clark had a majority of delegates, but in the end it was Wilson who won out under the now discarded two-thirds rule.

It can be argued that Franklin Delano Roosevelt was the popular Democratic choice in 1932. But in that mess of rowdyism and oratorical rendezvousing with destiny, it was a shaggy little man who wasn't there, and who had only a few delegates, who clinched the nomination for Roosevelt and acquired the Vice-Presidency for himself by using those delegates for political currency. It was McAdoo, the McAdoo of the 1924 fiasco, who gave the final grand flourish to the deal on a signal from a man in far-away San Simeon, William Randolph Hearst. But never was there such a fine frenzy as on that day, with Mr. Roosevelt flying onto the scene in person to crow

over Al Smith and his Liberty Leaguers. It was the back room schemers, not the party voters, who had settled for destiny.

Almost anyone who is within range during the closing hours of a convention is in danger of a Vice-Presidential nomination. Frank Knox wasn't even in range in 1936, when it was found necessary to nominate a running mate for Landon. Vandenberg had been coaxed and cajoled, but the word finally came that he wouldn't deign to be second-string. The delegates were begging for some one to whisper a name — almost any name — so they could get away. Frank Knox's managers had virtually branded a Landon-headed ticket as one that would disgust the country. But Knox's name was whispered, Knox was willing, and it was all over in a jiffy. Thereupon the bands played "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah," and out went most of the lads toward the schnapps-emporiums, hardly waiting to catch the nominee's full name.

At the Republican convention of 1920, Calvin Coolidge had the Boston police strike legend tagged on to him, and was hitched up with Harding in a burst of pandemonium. Charlie Curtis, one of the crowd bitterly hooting Hoover in 1928, smiled a sheepish smile in the

end and joined his fate with that of the Great Engineer. The late Tom Walsh, a steely-visaged citizen who knew what he was about, avoided Charley Bryan's fate in 1924 by firmly staring down the hallelujah-shouters from the rostrum on which he stood as chairman of the prevailing chaos. Charlie Dawes, of "Hell 'n' Maria!" fame, although his talents extended beyond profanity in time became the dozing Throttlebottom on the dais of the Senate. The convention which nominated him had shopped around vainly until Mr. Coolidge took a hand with a firm "eeny, meeny, miny, mo." Mr. Hearst's desire to keep his oar in was a chief reason for Mr. Garner's being moved within back-stabbing reach of Mr. Roosevelt in 1932. But for Colonel Knox, the caretaker at convention hall might have been drafted at Cleveland in 1936. Charley Bryan's mating with Wall Street, however, was the feat of the century in eleventh-hour convention annals.

More thought of a kind is given to platforms. So much, from so many conflicting interests, that the declarations of party principles are more often than not hopeless hodgepodges of meaninglessness. It was sensational when Senator Dave Walsh wrote a repeal plank

for the Democrats in 1932 that said what it meant in a few words. Most often, a platform is a slaphappy article fashioned by folks who were frolicking last night and who for four years dating from tomorrow may be thinking of everything but broad national issues. At best, it is a rush act.

III

The national convention thus has infinite potentialities for mischief. Starting out as an adaptation of a Federalist idea by Andrew Jackson, who brought about the first national gathering of the "Democratic Republican" Party in 1832, it was deemed a more popular nominating process than the system of legislative conventions and caucuses then prevailing. Jackson contended that it was a more representative way of choosing nominees because it paralleled the electoral college system. But Jackson wanted it also as a means of confounding Calhoun and bringing about the selection of Martin Van Buren as the Jackson running mate.

If the convention system has wrought mischief, it also has become dependable entertainment for those on the scene and, wired now for sound, for millions of others as well. Its greatest lure is

that anything can happen, from secession to a shambles, from a romp to a revolution. One civil war followed hard upon the Democratic split starting at the Charleston meet of 1860. Out of Madison Square flowed the intolerance endangering the best in democracy in 1928. Out of a session at Chicago in 'ninety-six came a voice — "You shall not crucify mankind on a cross of gold" — and that moonshine wrapped in melody made Bryan a figure to be reckoned with for more than a quarter of a century afterwards. Out, at any time, might come Mickey Mouse.

Put 20,000 people under one roof anywhere, with bands, banners, melodious ranters and rhapsodists, and you have made-to-order excitement. Elemental urges move them. In such organized bedlam, a fight announcer could start a parade of the states, maybe lasting for hours, by merely mouthing something about the red, the white and the blue. For that matter, Joe Louis or One-eyed Connally could stir pandemonium. As entertainment, the convention is now in a class with a championship fight, a Durbar or a World Series finale. It is also akin to the Roman sport of watching the lions chew up assorted Christians, even if just that doesn't always quite come off.

And now the radio exposes even orderly stay-at-homes to the notion that civic virtue has something in common with hell-for-leather din and havoc. Then there is always the chance that somebody will blurt onto the air a powerful expletive, as Tom Walsh and Charles Beecher Warren did in 1924 because they were unused to radio and failed to remember that the mikes were loaded with listeners. There is never a chance that a key-noter will state his party's aims and aspirations in the fewest possible words; the 1936 sounders-off each required more than two hideous hours — but onlookers and listeners go giddy over platitudes.

Convention time is the time to howl. For the sophisticated, not to be on the scene is unthinkable. At a convention, nobodies may bask in the glow of somebodies. Big names are everywhere, whether of statesmen, retired heavyweights or glamor girls. The camp followers are of every conceivable ilk. For the implement salesman from Dubuque, or the dear old DAR from Moline, the wallop is terrific; sheer glory to stand for a spell under the spotlights on the flag-bedecked platform; heaven to be allotted a speaking part. The socially snooty may bandy first names with the man from across the railroad tracks amid

such scenes even though the bars of caste go up outside. People with axes to grind say "hello" to Senators, and their stock rises with their clients. Bandwagon jumpers strain and strive in order not to miss the winning bus. At the 1936 conventions one could look in any direction and find a first-page face. For example, old Doc Townsend usurping the press sections; Gate Crasher Connally standing on the press table. One of the sadistic thrills of going to conventions comes from observing the ghosts of yesteryear. Long after his heyday, Bryan was a haunting figure on the fringes; Hoover's voice at Cleveland in 1936 was that of the political sepulchre. It will be interesting this year to watch the Southern old-liners clawing the air because they were caught in a mellow off-guard mood in 1936 and allowed the cherished two-thirds rule to slip into a political limbo.

A convention is a big spectacle and great fun, but not very kind to an ailing democracy. It is a morsel of comfort that Republican leaders have at least proposed to limit speechmaking this year. But that will not touch the system surviving from Andrew Jackson's time. Even Senator Norris' proposal to make it possible for the people to vote directly on the names of Presidential

and Vice-Presidential candidates rather than often-unknown electors, is aimed at elections, rather than nominations. It is designed also to clear the way for independent candidacies and to free the voter from the necessity of voting, as he must now, for the Vice-Presidential candidate of a party if he votes for the Presidential candidate of that party, or vice versa.

Such men as Norris, former Senator Owen of Oklahoma, Woodrow Wilson and leaders in the 1912 Progressive movement have urged a national presidential primary law. Norris was among those offering bills to this end at the beginning of the Wilson administration. President Wilson himself urged reform in a message to Congress. He suggested that conventions be held only for the purpose of "declaring and accepting the verdict of the primaries and formulating the platforms of the parties," and that

they be made up not of delegates but of nominees for the House and Senate, Senators still serving and the candidates nominated for President and Vice President. Many other proposals have been offered — variations of this plan or demands for straightaway primary action.

So far, no go. An authority on the subject, Louise Overacker of Wellesley, in an extended study, has set forth the difficulties, including the conservative fear of departing from the federal principle as well as less imposing objections. But even this professorial observer comments:

It is perhaps not without weight, too, that our national nominating convention is a picturesque, typically American political institution that offers a peculiar variety of popular amusement very dear to the hearts of the American people.

And perhaps at a very dear cost to democracy under siege.

FALSE FRIEND

BY STANTON A. COBLENTZ

HE BROKE the bonds of love, and sought by gifts,
Bright golden-tinctured, to repair the rifts —
As though a rainbowed goblet's shattered shape
Could be made whole again with mending tape!

THE MYTH OF JEWISH UNITY

By J. H. POLLACK

ANTI-SEMITIC propaganda always implies and often asserts in so many words that the Jews of the world constitute a sort of international conspiracy — a closely integrated people united under Machiavellian leaders. This fantasy has found its most mischievous expression in the notorious forgery, the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*. While only the feeble-minded still literally believe the *Protocols*, the idea of a Jewish cabal, out of which the document sprang, persists. It can be detected in the mouthings of professional anti-Semites and in the “smear” literature of racketeering Jew-baiters. Strangest of all, the assumption of Jewish unity underlies even some liberal writing on the subject, which refers to “Jewry” as though it were a single organism.

Actually, nothing could be further from the truth. If anything distinguishes the Jews, it is their lack of unity, their diversity of economic interest and political faith, their factionalism even in the face of common danger and disas-

ter. The refugee conference in Evian, France, witnessed the pathetic spectacle of a score of delegations each claiming to be the authentic Voice of Israel. This spectacle was not exceptional; it is typical of the disunity and the lack of leadership in Jewish life.

Traditionally the German Jew raises an eyebrow at the “baser” Russian and Polish Jew. Orthodox Jewry has invariably feuded with the Reform group. In every country the “assimilated” Jews resent the unassimilated. Economic and social class lines are as rigid as in any other racial or national group, and often their divisions and feelings of hostility are even sharper. There is as much chance of a Jewish banker dining with a Jewish worker as there is of a steel magnate sipping afternoon cocktails with a steel worker. Moreover, a Wall Street assimilationist among the Jews could scarcely understand an earlocked orthodox Polish-Jewish peddler. The differences, however, go far beyond the obvious ones of geographical origin, religious ob-

servances and economic status. Some Jews are Zionists, some anti-Zionists, the vast majority non-Zionists. Some Jews speak Yiddish, Hebrew or some other language growing out of Jewish history, but practically all of them also have a good command of the language of their particular country, and millions know only the language of their native land.

Politically, especially in America, Jews run the gamut from ultra-conservatism to anarchism. During the American Revolution they were divided into patriots and Tories; during the Civil War Jews were prominent on both sides. Today we see Jewish labor leaders like David Dubinsky and Sidney Hillman and Jewish strikebreakers like Pearl Bergoff and Chowderhead Cohen; Jews stand out in the manufacturers' groups and in radical organizations. J. David Stern is a New Deal publisher while Paul Block's newspapers bitterly oppose the Administration. Of the Yiddish dailies, the *Daily Forward* is socialist, the *Day* is Democratic, the *Morning Journal* is Republican, and the *Freiheit* is Communist. Jews are leading spirits in the Theatre Guild and in burlesque. There are Waxey Gordon criminals and Professor Albert Einstein; shyster lawyers

and Louis D. Brandeis; there are Jews who write intelligible prose and there is Gertrude Stein. As some wit put it: "Jews are like everybody else, only more so."

War ought to explode the myth that Jews are internationally-minded. During the first World War, a celebrated German-Jewish philosopher wrote a massive volume solemnly proving for all time that Germanism was synonymous with Judaism! In Allied lands, Jews were patriotic Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, and so on. Over here it was endlessly repeated that to be a good Jew was to be a good American.

There is a stock description: "He's a good Jew." Yet, for centuries, Jews have not even been able to agree on what Judaism is! Orthodox Jews, in prescribing conduct for coreligionists, have clung to one idea of Judaism; Reform Jews, wealthier and more amenable to change, have entertained quite another. A third group, the Conservatives, have sought a golden mean between the two. Thus in America, Jewry maintains three unions of congregations, three separate conferences of rabbis. In 1925, all three were confederated in a Synagogue Council of America but this body is purely consultative and enjoys little influence. What is

more, about half of today's five million American Jews have no synagogue affiliation whatsoever. Yet Jews are believers, as well as atheists and agnostics.

II

The Zionist movement itself is split up in numerous factions. Though frequent reference is made to the Jewish community in Palestine, as differentiated from the Arab and British, that community, too, is represented by at least a dozen political parties. Best known are the General Zionists, headed by the liberal Chaim Weizmann. Opposed to them stand the more conservative Group B General Zionists. Politically dominant is the powerful Labor Party led by dynamic David Ben Gurion. A separate and minor wing of the Palestine labor movement sprouted in *Hashomer Hatzair* which attempts to blend Leninism and Zionism. Still other political groupings include the landlord-landowners, the staunchly orthodox *Agudah* and the religious *Misrachi*. They are further splintered into minority groups of Yemenite and Sephardic Jews. There are, in addition, the super-nationalistic Zionist Revisionists under Vladimir Jabotinsky, founder of the Jewish Legion in the

World War. The Revisionists withdrew from the Zionist movement.

Outside Palestine, of course, these Zionist factions have their counterparts, and every other Jewish communal effort shows a similar diffusion of energy. In the United States there are the Big Four, the leading Jewish organizations, but none of them adequately represents American Jewry. *B'nai B'rith*, a fraternal order with 82,869 members, founded in 1843, can lay claim to being the oldest. During 1939 its vocal Anti-Defamation League distributed 1,771,309 pamphlets and delivered 4,534 addresses aiming at better understanding of the Jews by their non-Jewish neighbors. Similar in spirit is the *American Jewish Committee*, founded in 1906 as a reaction to the Tsarist massacres. Its select, influential, wealthy members consider themselves an aristocracy of Israel. They are represented in the Joint Distribution Committee, principal disbursing of relief funds in Central Europe, as well as in the Jewish Publication Society, a sort of Jewish Book-of-the-Month club.

Inflexibly opposed to almost every policy and program of the Committee has been the articulate, aggressive *American Jewish Congress*, a more democratically organized body which claims greater

kinship to the Jewish middle class and masses. Permanently instituted after the World War, its main work consists in combating anti-Semitism. Barring a brief interlude, the perennial President of the Congress has been the indefatigable, histrionic Stephen S. Wise. Last and "baby" of the Big Four is the *Jewish Labor Committee*, whose strength (unlike that of its three rivals) remains more or less localized in New York city. Organized in 1934 to fight Fascism and Nazism, it had B. Charney Vladeck, late New York Councilman, as its guiding light. Virtually coinciding with the *Jewish Daily Forward* and its fraternal organization, the Workmen's Circle, members of the Jewish Labor Committee include units of the two powerful needle trades unions.

Ideologically, all of the Big Four except the Congress were for years non-Zionist and one of them at times even anti-Zionist. However, Palestine's unexpected capacity to absorb refugees, legally and illegally, since 1933 has tended to make even the anti-Zionists less rabid in their antipathies. Responsible leaders have long been aware of the great cleavages dividing Jewry. An attempt to cement these group interests in America was made in Pittsburgh almost two

years ago with the formation of the *General Jewish Council*. It was hoped that the Council, though composed solely of the Big Four, might ultimately become the central representative body of American Jewry, defending Jewish rights. But the Council chose to exclude from its chambers many of the fraternal organizations, much of the Zionist movement, organized orthodox Jewry, the communist Jewish Peoples' Committee, and others. The ideological differences among the Big Four — each jealously preserving its autonomy in the face of universal Jewish tragedy — prevented the Council from ever functioning. Without administrative power, severely criticized for its inactivity, the General Jewish Council faces the likelihood of disintegration less than two years after being brought to life. The most serious attempt to bring some unity to American Jews has thus only emphasized the lack of unity and the difficulty of achieving it.

Curiously, since the Nazi-Soviet alliance, anti-Semitic propaganda, both in Germany and abroad, has ceased its talk of "Jewish Bolshevism" and now makes "Jewish capitalism" its target. As a result of the earlier line, however, the legend persists that Jewish radicals, at least, are unified. The facts in

this respect are especially striking. While there were Jews among the Bolshevik leaders and members in Russia, Jews were even more prominent among the Mensheviks who opposed Bolshevism. Until dissolved, the largest Russian revolutionary parties among the Jews were the Bund and the Labor Zionists, both anti-Bolshevik. In Jewish radical movements generally the more moderate wings have predominated. The much-quoted survey by *Fortune* and subsequent investigations have indicated that only a small percentage of Jews are communists. The great needle trades unions and the *Daily Forward*, largest Yiddish daily in the world, have consistently opposed communism. On the whole the divisions among Jewish radicals have corresponded to divisions among non-Jewish radicals and liberals, and factionalism has been rife.

III

Israel Zangwill once observed that when two Jews meet, three opinions are bound to prevail. Rich in romantic historic unity, Jews have invariably shown themselves poor and weak in practical political unity. Only purely emotional forces, such as the needs of charity and the impact of persecution, force upon

them from time to time a pitifully small amount of cooperation. But beyond that the charges of "international plots" and the Elders-of-Zion stupidities add up to nonsense. Several efforts were made to obtain a measure of world-wide unity for common purposes, but all were dismal failures. Some years ago the humanitarian *Alliance Israélite Universelle* tried it, but the attempt was abandoned as visionary. The biennial Zionist Congress is the nearest approach to genuine international organization; its sessions are all open and its minutes published in three languages. But that Congress is concerned only with the specific purpose of building a Jewish national home in Palestine, and, as we have seen, represents only a section of the Jewish people.

Emulating the Zionist Congress, an effort was made in 1936 to create a World Jewish Congress for the "defense of Jewish rights." Delegations journeyed from thirty countries to Geneva — from virtually every nation having a Jewish population except Germany and Soviet Russia. This was to be the political instrument for world Jewish opinion, and certainly no moment in modern history seemed more propitious for such an undertaking. Little has come of it. The American

Jewish Committee and other organizations have shied away from it and present leaders of the effort concede that unity is still a distant hope. A real "Jewish World Congress" is yet to be.

Jewish unity was and remains a myth. Perhaps there was a semblance of it on a local scale during the era of the medieval ghetto, when the race was forcibly segregated and the rabbis acted legally as judges. Historically the Jews have employed various concepts or symbols in the impulse to remain one people: the Ark, the Torah, the Hebrew language for prayers, the Messianic hope, non-intermarriage. But in modern times the only relatively successful attempts at unity have been achieved by the charity federations in various American cities. While persecution may unite Jews emotionally, it does not unite them organizationally. On the contrary, some Jewish organizations compete with one another in making the fight against anti-Semitism.

Jews are joiners. If they are "under-united, they are certainly over-organized," a recent book on the Jews in America declared. Besides the multitude of religious, social, fraternal, educational and political organizations, there is a Jewish Academy of Arts and Sciences — pretty much like other

such academies and societies; a Jewish Chautauqua Society; an American Federation to Combat Communism and Fascism. A group with twenty-eight members calls itself modestly the American National Committee of the World Union for Preserving the Health of Jews. Along more specialized lines there is the League for Safeguarding the Fixity of the Sabbath Against Possible Encroachment by Calendar Reform; and a National Council of Jewish Chaplains in Penal Institutions.

All of which means organizations in the plural, but nothing vaguely approaching organization in the sense of unity. At most it reveals the dream of *achdut* — unity — which has touched the Jews for centuries but has not been realized. Even the Protestants, with their many sects, are more closely integrated than the Jews, and nearly every other racial group in the world has more genuine unity. Today, in one of Israel's darkest hours, logic would dictate that Jews bury their differences and unite for self-defense. But Jews do not live by logic. Their strength, it would seem, lies neither in union nor in uniformity. For centuries they have been a house divided. Amazingly, the house has not fallen.

YOU CAN HAVE A FOREST CAMP

BY LARRY NIXON

HAVE you envied your wealthy friends when they talked about their hunting and fishing camps? Have you wanted a place of your own in the forests — and been afraid to ask the cost? There is no call for worry or for envy. It is cheaper to own your home in the forests than to entertain your relatives from the West. Two great governments have given consideration to the average man and his wife and all the little average children, living on an average income — and longing for the wilds. Both the United States and Canada have special plans whereby you can lease enough land for a real forest hide-away, far from the cares of business and out of sight of the crowds.

Fifteen dollars a year will cover the land cost of a camp within two days' easy drive of any city in the United States or Canada. Just figure out where you would like to have your private camp and select the section that appeals to you — somewhere around, you will find exactly what you want, at a price you can afford to pay.

Does your millionaire friend talk about the Canadian forests? Turn that way yourself. You'll find bargains in woods home locations that will surprise you. In almost any province in Canada you can find summer home land for rent in the forests at fifteen dollars an acre; in some cases it is even less. In Nova Scotia, for example, you can lease a plot of land for your camp site for a period of twenty years for \$50. That's for the whole term, not every year. For this you can get up to 110 yards frontage on a road, lake or stream and as much as five acres of land. On five acres or less the total price is the same. The one other expense is having the land surveyed; but that shouldn't cost more than \$25, bringing your total cost up to \$75, or seventy-five cents an acre per year.

New Brunswick is a popular hunting and fishing country, not too far away, and popular with many Americans. There, the first acre rents for \$10. If you want one or two more acres, they cost you a

dollar a year each. Say \$13 a year for three acres of land. There are other offerings of dollar-an-acre land in Canada, but not always good for a camp. Manitoba has many sites at \$10 a year. A few cost more, many much less. Ontario sets a minimum of five dollars an acre for rentals on twenty-year leases, but if you want to buy and nobody else likes the acres you pick out, the minimum sale price is \$10 an acre for land along the shores of lakes and streams, and \$20 an acre for islands. Islands almost always cost more and are harder to get.

You will likely be asked to agree to build some kind of house on the property. Many times there will be a stipulation that the plans be approved by the Forest Officials. But \$500 invested in a log cabin will fulfill the "improvements" clause in your lease in most Canadian provinces, and you certainly don't have to be a millionaire to invest that much in a summer place for use over a great many years.

The interesting thing about getting your own camp in the Canadian forests is that the government is willing, even anxious, to help you find what you want. Pick your province in Canada, write the "Provincial Publicity Bureau" at the provincial capital, tell them what you want, and they will

start the wheels in motion. In most provinces you will eventually be referred to the Department of Lands and Forests, where you will be told how to buy maps showing the country that interests you (at twenty-five and thirty cents per map). And the Lands Branch will work out all the details of your camp-owning transaction. Now I do not recommend buying a forest campsite sight unseen, but you can at least get the facts before you leave home to see for yourself. Look the land over, and close the deal on the ground.

All Canada's forests are vacation lands. You can be suited almost anywhere you choose to look, but if you haven't made a decision, how about giving a moment's thought to Newfoundland? The Great Island isn't part of Canada, but it is right alongside the Dominion, not too far away, and if you want advance information there is a Newfoundland Information Bureau in Rockefeller Center, New York. On the Great Island you can make a deal to take over five acres of Crown land on lease. The rental costs for a five-year lease will be five dollars — one dollar a year. Within that period you'll have to build a dwelling house and cultivate one acre of the five. At the end of the five

years, if your one-acre garden patch is being plowed, and the house has been built, you can sign the papers — and the whole place is yours. There's nothing more to pay. Labor for your garden patch is cheap enough — you'll save money raising your own things anyway — and building materials and labor are reasonable. You might even use some of your own logs. You can comfortably vacation in Newfoundland from mid-May to well into September.

II

Of course you don't have to go to Canada to get a forest home. The United States has millions and millions of acres of forest land set aside for the good of the nation. Parts of these acres have been opened up for vacationists. Here and there throughout the forests are plots of ground staked out for the building of summer homes. You make application to the superintendent or other official of the forest, look the land over, sign your lease, and move in. To get the names and addresses of forest superintendents with land to lease, write the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Not all American forests have summer home sites available. But

there are 13,000 of them in use today, at \$15 to \$25 a year in rent. In the United States, as in Canada's Parks, the summer home sites are carefully located so that one house does not obtrude on the next, and set so that access to highway or waterway is not too difficult.

In the federal forests in the Rocky Mountains you will find the summer home sites usually in mountain valleys, accessible by secondary roads. None of the lots is in the immediate proximity of a through highway, as the officials seek to preserve the natural beauty and attractiveness of the scenery viewed by passing motorists. The summer home lots are kept away from public lake fronts and rarely enclose fishing streams. The sites in the Rockies are mostly under one acre, but there is a no-man's land or buffer strip between them to insure privacy and avoid congestion.

The sites are all selected so as to avoid creating a fire hazard of any kind — and are not available in sections which forest fires are likely to sweep. No matter where you build, you will be required to live up to the fire safety laws, and you must set your house in the corner of your acreage where the forest rangers think it is best for all con-

cerned. The fire hazard is one of the main reasons for the frequent restriction that all building plans must be approved by the forestry officials. Sometimes you will find that you must also build so as not to destroy the looks of the hillside that you select. "The forests are for the people" sounds like a political slogan, but in Canada and the United States the forestry officials take it rather seriously.

The Forest Service has no hard and fast rule as to the minimum investment required in summer-home construction, but they insist that all structures be pleasing in design and materials and fit harmoniously into the forest landscape. Believe it or not, the officials say good taste is more important than cost. Construction is nearly always rustic in type. They do not permit the use of corrugated iron, flat roll roofing, unpainted or unstained lumber. Nor will the forest superintendent approve shoe-box architecture or car-roof shanty construction. Round logs, slabbed logs, and log type siding are more generally employed, with shingle and shake siding permissible. The U. S. Forest Service insists on the use of paint or stain in subdued tones for exposed trim, and strictly *prohibits* glaring colors and bizarre color combinations.

In addition to the federal forests in the United States, a few of the states have summer home sites in state timber reserves. Pennsylvania is notable in having many such sites for rent. In the vastness of Penn's Woods, some 3100 have been located and are being occupied this summer by families glad to get out of the rush of town life and back to the real forest land. Pennsylvania charges \$10 to \$15 a year rental. Areas vary a little, but an acre or so is the rule. The \$15 rate usually applies to lands located on lakes or streams.

Cabin costs vary tremendously. Labor is the most important and unpredictable item. Some very pleasing cabins have been built for as little as \$350, and they run from this figure up to \$4500. The American forests also contain some summer residences that cost \$25,000 and over, but these obviously are out of the summer cabin class. Averages are misleading, but throughout most of the western half of the United States very comfortable and neat summer homes can be constructed for from \$700 to \$800. The Forest Service exercises general supervision over each summer home group and attempts to keep all developments upon any specific group of lots within a reasonably narrow price bracket.

In other words, they will not allow a permittee to build a \$400 cabin within a group where the other cabins are in the \$1500-\$2000 class.

III

The biggest development in the back-to-the-woods movement is not in the line of permanent summer homes, but in camping grounds. Up in Canada they are called Camps; in the United States they are Campgrounds and Campsites. More than 6000 such areas have been set aside in the federal forests of the United States, with many more in the state forests. These campgrounds are complete and ready for you the minute you roll up in your car. There are selected locations for tents, so laid out as to drain properly, to be sheltered from swooping gusts of wind, and yet easy of access. There are fireplaces for cooking, shower baths and toilets, and of course a good safe supply of drinking water. In most of the federal forest campgrounds you will find tables and outdoor stoves; in a few, even daily garbage collections. In all there is a place for the garbage, so that the camp is kept clean and unspoiled.

For those who do not want to pitch tents, the state parks and

forests are starting a new development: overnight cabins completely equipped for two, four or eight persons. The coffee-pot is on the stove; put some wood in, light a match; supper is on the way. New Jersey charges \$15 a week; Pennsylvania has a few as low as \$12; Alabama has houses all ready to live in for as little as eight dollars a week. Most of the states are like Maryland, offering their furnished homes only on a weekly basis, turning down week-end customers, and thus avoiding competition with privately owned motor courts and cabin camps catering to the overnight trade. Unlike the motor courts most of the forest cabins are completely furnished except for bed linens and towels, and in the larger private camp-homes-for-rent concessions, you can often rent those too.

The de luxe offering of a millionaire's camp for the two-week vacationist, as far as I am concerned, is to be found in nearby Laurentides Park, Quebec. Within easy motoring distance of the eastern United States, and on good roads, this park boasts a dozen lodges that can be rented for the week — complete with guides, cooks, and all supplies for as little as seven or eight dollars a day per person. You cannot take your

gun into Laurentides Park — it is a game preserve — but there is pretty good fishing, and what an appetite the outdoor life gives you! Most of the Laurentides Lodges are miles away from any other habitation; and your small party has the place exclusively.

The cabins owned by the provinces and states are in the minority, however. Although more and more are being built each year, the largest colonies of ready-to-live-in mountain cabins to be had by the week are privately owned. Here the prices vary with the resort, the lo-

cation and the distance from a large city. Even in the privately operated colonies, however, the houses are usually located so as to provide seclusion and a good view. The prices are reasonable.

Whether you want a furnished cabin for a week at Yosemite, or land in Newfoundland on which to build a summer house, you need incur no heavy initial investment and no expensive upkeep. The governments will show you how to find your own ideal location and prove that it's cheaper to camp than to stay at home.

WHAT HAPPENED IN BETWEEN?

BEFORE —

When President Roosevelt made his peace speech in Chicago, on October 5, indicating a turn away from isolationism and toward concerted action, we of the Communist Party gave immediate and unstinted support to this declaration of policy.

— Earl Browder at Chapel Hill, N. C., March 3, 1938.

All efforts must be directed towards uniting the peace movement of the American people with the world movement against the war-instigators — German and Italian Fascism and the Japanese militarists — and for the creation of a united front of democratic states against the fascist aggressors.

— Resolution, Central Committee of American Communist Party, *Daily Worker*, July 3, 1937.

and AFTER

We are not in the war today only because public opposition is too strong. Your May 10 speech, like all your recent acts and utterances, was designed to overcome that opposition, to snare it with imaginary fears, to render it impotent with trickery and deceit.

— Communist *New Masses*, May 21, 1940, open letter to President Roosevelt.

The war that has broken out in Europe is the Second Imperialist War. The ruling capitalist and landlord classes of all the belligerent countries are equally guilty for this war. Communists . . . go among the soldiers at the fronts and the masses at home explaining that this war will bring the people nothing but misery, burdens, destruction and death.

— Declaration of American Communist Party, September 19, 1939.

► *With foreign affairs our main problem,
the national spotlight is turned on*

KEY PITTMAN: FRONTIER STATESMAN

BY JOSEPH H. BAIRD

IT is an old and revered tenet of the national faith that whenever American diplomats sit in an international poker game with Europeans or Asiatics, they invariably return home with empty pockets. It should be consoling, then, to Americans to know that none of the State Department's career boys can complete a binding agreement with the foreign sharpers without the consent of the United States Senate; and that in the chairman's seat of that body's potent Committee on Foreign Relations sits a tall, angular Westerner of Lincolnesque mold whose basic foreign policy might be summed up in Westbrook Pegler's phrase: "To hell with 'em."

Senator Pittman himself once announced his policy toward one branch of the international family — the totalitarian states — in phrases scarcely less curt. Doctor Hans Thomsen, the Führer's man in Washington, gave him the opening. Under orders from Berlin, the German protested hotly to Sumner Welles, Under-Secretary of State,

against some caustic remarks about Hitler by Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, in a speech in Cleveland. The Roosevelt Administration was already smarting under a series of almost daily lashings from the Nazi press. Welles, as its spokesman, told the Führer's messenger bluntly that the Germans, as international mud-slingers *par excellence*, were hardly in a position to protest the heaving of an occasional clod by others. That, official Washington thought, was an extraordinary bit of plain talk, worthy of the best traditions of shirt-sleeve diplomacy. But the Wellesian dictum seemed mild by comparison with what followed it. Making no reference to Thomsen or his protest, but with the episode fresh in mind, Pittman summoned reporters and, with a knowing grin, handed them this terse statement:

The people of the United States do not like the government of Germany.

The people of the United States do not like the government of Japan.

The people of the United States, in my opinion, are against any form of

dictatorial government, communistic or fascistic.

The people of the United States have the right and power to enforce morality and justice in accordance with peace treaties with us. And they will. Our government does not have to use military force — and will not, unless necessary.

What the lean, lanky, blue-eyed Senator from Nevada had said succinctly in less than a hundred words was substantially what the Administration had been saying between the lines in diplomatic notes totalling thousands of words. But differently. Washington speaks to foreign governments only through the executive department. The voices of Senators, it is assumed, are inaudible beyond the border. Had anyone in the White House or the State Department put his thoughts into Pittman's phrases, he might have touched off a war. But what Pittman said was substantially what the American people thought and think. The man from Nevada has his ears keenly attuned to the voice of America. That is at once the strength and the weakness of the western Senator who has inherited the legislative mantle of such giants as Henry Cabot Lodge and William E. Borah, as guardian of the parliamentary processes that govern this country's basic foreign relations.

II

The formative years of Key Pittman's life are those he is least interested in talking about today. They lie far behind. Like most men who have spent years in Washington, he wants to be remembered for what he has done in the Capital. Yet these early years contain the key to his character today — forthrightness, friendliness, loyalty, political shrewdness, and a distaste for foreign customs and manners.

Key Pittman was born in Vicksburg, Mississippi, in 1872. He lacks the homespun statesman's birthright — a log cabin. His parents, who were in comfortable circumstances, provided him with private tutors, and sent him to the Southwestern Presbyterian University where he studied law. When only twenty years old, Pittman went west to Seattle, where he engaged in a not very successful search for clients. The lure of gold in the Klondike called him to Alaska around the turn of the century. He found some gold, enough to lay the basis of a fortune. But men with legal and political training were rare in the new country, and he was soon drawn into the rough-and-tumble political life of the new frontier.

One episode in his early years the Senator talks about with relish even today. That was his fight against the "spoilers," whom Rex Beach described in the novel by that name. When the siren song of the gold fields rang out from Alaska, among the first men to hear its seductive notes were the crews of sailing vessels off the peninsula. These men — Swedes, Norwegians and Finns — were the early "sour-doughs" who staked out valuable claims before the army of adventurers from the United States had reached the new El Dorado. In 1899, soon after Pittman's arrival in Alaska, Congress passed the first code of government for the territory. A horde of American officials — reminiscent of the post-Civil War "carpetbaggers" — arrived to plunder. These "spoilers," mostly lawyers, sent agents to file new claims on the land of the early-arrived foreigners. They figured that because the sour-doughs did not have American nationality, their claims would not be upheld by American courts.

Pittman undertook the defense of the sour-doughs, and found himself at once in a fight where no holds were barred. The District Court at Nome, dominated by the raiders and their political hirelings,

had decided that the claims of the foreigners were invalid. The few honest officials who had opposed the "spoilers" were railroaded to jail. The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in distant San Francisco was the nearest court of higher jurisdiction. Pittman sought to carry the fight there. The Nome court countered with an order for the arrest of any attorney who tried to leave Alaska with the legal papers necessary for an appeal. Gunmen hired by the "spoilers" policed the docks. But Pittman succeeded in filing his appeal by sending to San Francisco an attorney whose identity was unknown to the "spoilers." The Ninth Circuit Court promptly reversed the venal Nome tribunal, and the valid claims of the original sour-doughs were upheld. Overnight the future Senator became a hero — but also a man marked for revenge.

Then the call of gold came again, this time from Nevada, and Pittman returned to the United States in 1902. Tonopah was the center of the gold-mining industry in the early days of the Nevada strike, and Pittman, settling there, found that he had the golden touch. Law books and an astute mind, rather than pick and shovel, were the instruments he used to dig his for-

tune. There were few men in the new country with a sound practical knowledge of both mining and law. Soon Pittman was earning \$100,000 a year for trying eight or ten cases annually.

Life was pleasant and lucrative, and Pittman might have spent his remaining years in Nevada had he not gone to Reno to see the world's championship fight between Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries. Democratic politicians from all over the state were there, and in an informal powwow they determined to wrest power from the Republicans, who then dominated both the Federal Congress and the State Legislature, although the Governor of Nevada was a Democrat. They believed that their best chance to expand their power lay in entering a champion against the Republican veteran, George S. Nixon, in the Senatorial race of 1910. For this honor — dubious in view of the State's normal Republican majority — Pittman was selected. The direct primary system had not then been adopted; state legislatures still chose Senators. However, in Nevada the names of Senatorial candidates were placed on the state ticket, so that the public might register an advisory vote, which the legislature could follow or ignore as it chose.

For months Pittman and his Democratic running-mates stumped the wilds of the frontier state, but the Republicans were too firmly entrenched, and the whole Democratic ticket was decisively defeated. Thereupon Pittman himself advised the state legislature to elect Nixon. This act of sportsmanship was applauded by the public. When, two years later, in 1912, Nixon unexpectedly died, Pittman's name was again presented for the Senatorship and although a Republican Legislature was still in power he was sent to Washington.

III

Today the former Nevada miner and lawyer sits in the ornate room of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, a chamber pervaded by the memory of great men and monumental issues in American history. Here are carved out the reports that usually determine Senate action on problems of international policy. Key Pittman exercises more control today over the foreign policies of the United States than any one man, save the President and the Secretary of State. But his rise to this eminence has been marked by no great victories of statesmanship. When, in

1933, he became Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, his name was scarcely known abroad. His personality had not bulked large in Senate debates on foreign affairs. But in the councils of the Democratic Party he was a potent force. Popular with his colleagues, he was the Democratic nominee for President Pro-Tem of the Senate during six Congresses when his party was in the minority. Since 1933 he has occupied that high office, as well as his committee chairmanship.

Witty, shrewd, keen-minded in debate, a convivial fellow who likes nothing better than to spend an evening reminiscing over a series of highballs, Pittman is very unlike his two predecessors. Here is no erudite, puritanical Lodge, speaking in classical terms and splitting fine legalistic hairs. Here is no "lone wolf" of the Borah type, wilfully and spasmodically obtuse, vaguely idealistic, often opposing his party leadership. The Nevadan is a loyal administration man, and has been so whenever the Democratic Party was in power, except for those rare occasions when White House foreign policy conflicted with the interests or desires of Nevada voters.

His party orthodoxy is on record. He supported ratification of the

Versailles treaty, including the League of Nations clauses. But he voted against Lodge's substitute resolution, a wily effort to sabotage Woodrow Wilson's program. He supported ratification of the naval clauses of the Washington Arms Limitation Treaty, but — with an eye on Japan — dissented from the accompanying Four-power Pact by which the United States agreed not to fortify its Far Eastern possessions. He supported the World Court ratification resolution in its highly-circumscribed form — an issue upon which party lines were not sharply drawn. He opposed the London Naval Treaty, a Republican accomplishment, and did not vote on the ratification either of the Kellogg Anti-War Pact or the London Naval Treaty of 1936, a meaningless shell of an agreement, soon abandoned by the powers that had signed it.

Since becoming Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Pittman has devoted himself most energetically to two tasks: boosting the price of silver and attempting to checkmate the Japanese, whom he hates and fears. His first absorption is easily explained. Nevada, although the smallest state in population, is one of the leading silver producers. Pittman heads the so-called "silver

bloc," the most powerful "inside lobby" in Congress. His second preoccupation, Japan, arises from his conviction that the island empire is becoming a menace to the United States in the Pacific.

An opportunity to combine foreign affairs with good, garden-variety politics came to Pittman soon after he succeeded the leonine Borah as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. He was named by the President as a member of the American delegation to the World Monetary and Economic Conference in London. Through an unusually muggy London summer Cordell Hull, chairman of the delegation, strained valiantly to beat down tariffs and bring some kind of order out of world monetary chaos. Battered between the conflicting gold and sterling blocs at London, sniped at from Washington and confused by the constantly shifting monetary and economic panaceas launched by the President's "brain trust," he left Britain bewildered and unhappy. The conference ended in confusion and futility.

Meanwhile, the Senator from Nevada plugged away in secret hotel-room conferences toward one end — an agreement to regulate and control the flow of silver and so to stimulate its price. He, alone

of the delegation, was successful. From the general defeat of the conference, he dragged an agreement among the United States, Australia, Canada, Mexico, Peru, India, China and Spain to prohibit the dumping of silver and for withdrawal of fixed amounts from world markets. The next year he was largely instrumental in forcing through Congress the Silver Purchase Act of June, 1934. Within a year silver rose in price from 45.2 to 71.9 per ounce. Nevada mine owners — and the Senator from Nevada — were jubilant. American foreign policy, in the larger sphere of world recovery, had failed at London — but not the silverites. Since then Pittman has been the faithful watchdog of the silver interests, fighting boldly any attack upon this Treasury subsidy to a small group of producers.

The Senator's antipathy toward Japan might be traced to two circumstances: his long residence on the Pacific Coast and his longer service on the Senate Naval Affairs Committee. The Navy, more than any other branch of the Government, is keenly sensitive to Japanese expansion. When, in 1931, Japan tore up a companion treaty to the Four-Power Pact — the Nine-Power Pact guaranteeing China's sovereignty — Pittman

felt that his judgment in opposing the earlier pact had been vindicated. When, somewhat later, the Japanese Ambassador to Washington, Hiroshi Saito, attempted to justify Japan's protectorate over parts of China as a Far Eastern "Monroe Doctrine," Pittman commented caustically:

"We are seeking to preserve the republics of Latin-America — not to destroy them. The authentic Monroe Doctrine for Japan was the Nine-Power Pact."

The Nevada Senator has been a hearty supporter of Secretary Hull's "moral embargo" upon the sale of American airplanes to Japan, put into effect after the Nipponese had begun to bomb civil populations in China. He applauded with equal warmth President Roosevelt's famous "quarantine the aggressors" speech in Chicago late in 1937, remarking that "an economic quarantine would stop Japan in thirty days." In July of last year he introduced a resolution in the Senate calling for a complete embargo on American shipments of oil, scrap iron, cotton, munitions and all types of war supplies to Japan. But intimations promptly came from Tokyo that such an embargo would mean a naval war. The State Department cautiously advised Pittman to pigeonhole his

resolution until the present session of Congress. It has remained in the pigeonhole, although the Nevada Senator fingers it lovingly, with an approving glance from the State Department, whenever the Japanese become particularly aggressive in trying to oust western interests in the Orient.

The Nevadan has remained singularly quiet about the current war in Europe, save for an ill-timed suggestion in a radio speech that the British would drive the Germans from Norway in thirty days. Indeed, he probably finds himself in a quandary, for his vitriolic hatred of Hitler merely offsets a healthy contempt for the British and French. Quietly he tells friends that for practical reasons of American foreign policy, he hopes to see an Allied victory — one achieved without American participation.

Three decades of official life in Washington have not dulled the edge of the Senator's appetite for the lusty, earthy pleasures of the Alaska prospector and the frontier politician. An avid reader of pulp magazines, he knows the publication schedules of the detective story and Wild West periodicals as accurately as the Senate roll-call. Frequently on his drive home at night his sleek limousine stops at a

suburban newsstand while his chauffeur goes in to buy the latest thriller. During the London Conference in 1933 he was one of several American delegates who upset the pompous, regimented servants of Claridge's by their dogged refusal to concede that white tie and tails are necessary accompaniments to the evening meal. In desperation the management set up a protective wall of screens in the dining room, behind which the non-conformists dined in their street clothes.

One anecdote illustrative of Pittman's jocularly has long been repeated in Washington. Some years ago the Senator's residence in the suburbs of the Capital caught fire around midnight and burned to the ground before the tardy firemen could check the flames. Pittman, so the story goes, calmly watched the futile struggle. Finally,

when his pretentious home had been reduced to ashes, the Senator threw his arm around the fire chief and exclaimed: "You and your boys did a swell job. Come on in now and have a little drink."

Although his position puts him in constant demand as an embassy guest, Pittman mixes as little as possible in diplomatic society. While courteous to the official strangers within Washington's gates, he suspects their motives and dislikes their effete manners. He takes his hours of relaxation and enjoyment in his comfortable suburban home, at his Nevada ranch, or in the solid mahogany and leather surroundings of the Senate. He is a warm friend and confidant of both President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull, and this relation will probably continue unless wrecked upon the rocks of internationalism — or silver.



PLANE SAILING

BY ARTHUR W. BELL

MAN, the Voyager, no longer
Need depend on sails and hulls;
A little lower than the angels,
A little higher than the gulls.

BACH CONQUERS MUSICAL AMERICA

BY PAUL ROSENFELD

A NEAR riot was produced in the inner sanctum of Station WOR, back in 1933, when the music director proposed a one-hour broadcast of John Sebastian Bach. Most practical musicians, many of whom themselves had only just been converted to Bach, still believed that the art of this old master of the epoch of perukes was predestined ever to seem gloomy and a sort of musical mathematics to the great American public of music lovers. The broadcast finally took place, but in the safe form of a radio-drama representing a scene from the life of Frederick the Great. It was the famous scene of old Bach's unique appearance at the palace of Sans Souci. The monarch from time to time exhibited an eagerness to hear some favorite piece of the composer's, and thus the music was worked in. The broadcast brought to the station a fan mail larger than that called forth by any other musical offering. The station's music director had caught on the swell the wave of interest that is one of the

chief musical events of our age: the almost sudden, surprising interest of the great musical public in America in the old cantor's well-nigh matchless art.

What the immediate causes of this wave of interest were, we can only guess. Among them very possibly were all of the broadcasts of single pieces of Bach; the dissemination of the records of Stokowski's popular Bach-transcriptions; and the influence of the music-schools, which necessarily base much of their instruction on Bach as one of the leading classics. It is probable also that many persons had been trying out Bach fugues in the privacy of their piano-corners, wondering at first which note in the right hand went with which note in the left and why the resulting sound was so odd, suddenly then grasping the structure of the particular piece and its wonderful richness. But this is certain: the movement was then merely commencing. Even today the crest of it is not in view.

In 1935, two years after the

WOR experiment, the number of phonograph records of Bach's music published in the United States reached the new altitude of twenty-five, surpassing for the first time the recording of Beethoven's music, which amounted to twenty-two. The following year the new Bach recordings shot up to fifty-nine, whereas Beethoven remained at about twenty-five. In 1937, fifty-eight further Bach-impressions put in their appearance and again Beethoven recordings remained in the lower twenties. Only in the last year has the total of new Bach-impressions declined to thirty-four; yet the decline is deceptive. The earlier impressions represented mostly small compositions and extracts from longer works. Among the more recent, we discover entire Passions, cantatas, organ-compositions, concertos. Indeed, it is said that while Bach is not yet the most frequently recorded of composers, records of music by no other composer actually sell more widely. There also is afloat a most credible rumor that the sheet-music today enjoying the greatest vogue is Bach's.

From the seventh or eighth place in the list of composers favored by radio audiences, Bach lately has advanced to the third or fourth. By the grace of St. Wallenstein, per-

formances of unfamiliar, almost unheard cantatas of his have become a regular Sunday evening feature. WQXR in New York, which regularly plays Bach on programs of the works of the three musical "B's," reports that requests for Bach concertos are steadily on the increase. They are beginning to approach in volume the demand for time-honored favorites such as the concertos of Tchaikowsky, Mendelssohn and Beethoven. As for the New York concert-public, for upward of ten years it has been providing audiences not only for recitals but also for series of recitals devoted entirely to Bach's clavier-works. This season it even supplied an audience for the first American performance of one of the most austere of Bach's later works, a piece probably never previously heard in its entirety: *The Musical Offering*, the complete little concert for various groups of instruments which he composed for King Frederick during and after his visit to Potsdam.

II

This recent penetration into countless American homes and lives of the music of the little church-organist and church-composer of sleepy middle-eighteenth-century

Leipzig evokes the thought that creation really knows no death. If ever work seemed to have lost the breath of life, it was the music of John Sebastian Bach. Even during the palmiest days of his life, Bach was celebrated far more for his organ-playing and mastery of musical technique than for the beauty of form and the expressiveness of his compositions. Elaborate and contrapuntal, implicating the most serious thought, these were rooted in the traditions of a past age, and long before the old composer's death in 1750, had become thoroughly old-fashioned.

From over the Alps there had come into northern Europe a seductive new sort of music. This was spun not of intricately interplaying melodies but of single melodies in the broad vocal style set to simple accompaniments. In France it displaced the subtle, courtly music of Rameau. In Germany it antiquated music as weighty and consummate as that of Bach. Besides, the temper of the age now was scientific and rationalistic, thus unsympathetic to music which, composed as was Bach's "for the improvement of cult-music and the greater glory of God," expressed events in the spiritual realm, and reflected basic forces of the soul. The whole feeling of Bach's dense and gilded

music was otherworldly: many of the fugues were "Prayers Without Words"; and the high trumpets of his baroque orchestra sang forth a rapturous sense of salvation. What the period desired and applauded was social, operatic, concert music representative of human passions and emotions. The times were ripening for Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven.

Gerhardt Herz, the author of a recent engaging little study of Bach, says the old composer was resigned to the demise of his choral music. What he hoped might prove to be his visiting-card to posterity were certain of his instrumental compositions, in particular the stupendous piece called *The Art of the Fugue*, on which he worked during his last days. If this is true, it was rather fortunate that Bach died when he did; since in 1752 this piece, offered for sale at the Leipzig Fair, sold exactly thirty-seven copies. The plates were melted down for the value of the metal in them. In the meantime the pupils of the school where Bach had taught got into the habit of lighting fires with packets of old manuscript music which they found in a cupboard. The cupboard had been used by Bach: the manuscripts were some of the multitude of his compositions for which no pub-

lisher could be found. A *Passion According to St. Mark*, the companion to the sublime *Passions According to St. Matthew and St. John*, is supposed along with other priceless pieces to have been burned.

In his three-quarter-century of practical oblivion, it was mainly Bach's fame as an organist and master of counterpoint that preserved his memory. In musical histories he figured as a composer of a rank inferior to that of C. P. E. Bach and others of his own sons. The later critics parroted the earlier. Mozart, on the other hand, became highly excited on the occasion during his travels when he heard a Bach cantata in a church; and he transcribed certain fugues in *The Well-Tempered Clavichord* for string quartet. Some of the forty-eight preludes and fugues also figured on Beethoven's early piano-forte programs; in later years Beethoven asserted that Bach, with the exception of Handel, was the only one of the old musicians who had possessed genius. All these judgments were based upon insufficient evidence. Few of Bach's compositions were in print, few were known, even fewer performed.

It was during the Napoleonic period that a certain councillor of Berlin became deeply interested in the Bach mss. which had been de-

posited in the archives of the Royal Library by a Prussian princess who had acquired them from C. P. E. Bach. This pioneering *Hofrat* was named Zelter: he was one of Goethe's steady correspondents and the future teacher of Mendelssohn. To Goethe he wrote that Bach's music was over-elaborate and too out of date to warrant performance, but that he had a mind to rewrite and modernize it. Amused, Goethe inquired by what method Zelter hoped to "modernize" completed works of art, and Zelter dropped the project. His interest nonetheless infected his brilliant young pupil. Mendelssohn from the commencement of his career publicly performed Bach organ and clavier works and in 1829 considered the times propitious to the revival of the *St. Matthew Passion* — in the shape of a Handelian oratorio. The little old composer in the Church's phrase *Ad Majoram Dei Gloriam* thus passed into the concert-room. There he made an immense impression. The *St. Matthew Passion* was given three times that season in Berlin. A sense of the tenderness and profundity of Bach's feeling and the richness of his art took possession of progressive musicians. A society for the publication of his life-work came into being.

III

Still for decades the awareness of the sublimity of this life-work existed only among an élite. When in 1869 the Bach Society announced that it was offering for sale the individual volumes of its costly critical edition, not a single newspaper noted the event. What finally did lay a foundation for the wider taste for Bach's art doubtless were the points of similarity between it and the music of Wagner and Liszt. They are the close union of tone and word in Bach and Wagner; the Liszt-tone-poem-like expressions of extra-musical ideas in Bach's choral preludes; and the chromaticism common to all three composers. At length about 1900 the Bach edition was completed and began radiating an immense influence on contemporary composition. It had already deeply influenced Brahms, who, it will be remembered, considered the two main events of his lifetime the foundation of the German *Reich* and the publication of the Bach edition. And the new century evolved into a veritable Age of Bach. Leading composers from Strauss and Reger to Mahler and Debussy began cultivating a "melodic" or contrapuntal style not unlike the old cantor's. The tend-

ency in our own hour has effected a veritable revolution in musical style, being the basic impulse of the "neo-classicism" of Stravinsky, Hindemith and other serious present-day musicians. The warm, exquisite spiritual experience underlying Bach at the same time became evident to amateurs the world over. Pianoforte transcriptions of the organ-works by Busoni increased the mounting conviction that John Sebastian not alone had been the "fifth evangelist" but also the prince of musical artists. Here Stokowski, the recording companies, and ultimately the radio encountered the movement.

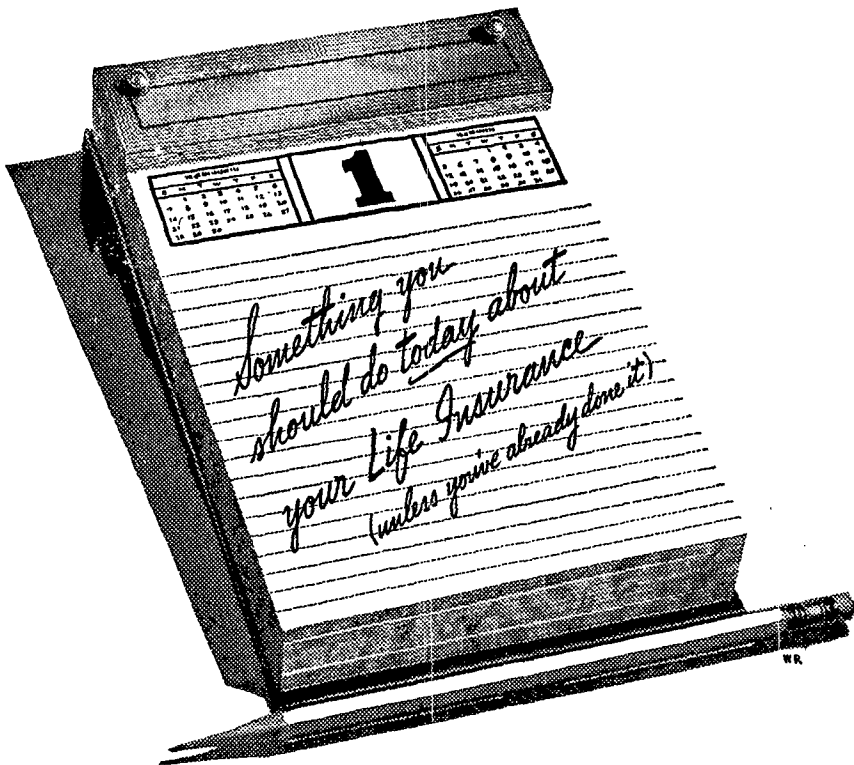
What were the reasons for this extraordinary revival? Surely there is something mystifying in the prevalence in our strident, democratic, technological America of music by a composer who lived in an age when society was hierarchic and faith in other-worldly reality unshaken. Precisely why should America in 1940 enjoy so profoundly the creations of a man entirely absorbed in the spiritual realm, who wrote in conformity with religious dogmas and for instruments no longer used by us? The mysterious power of the artistic spirit to persist through time is certainly one reason. Yet the fact is that just Bach's music, and

not that of his highly gifted predecessors, such as Vivaldi, Buxtehude and Sweelinck, has captured the modern world. We must therefore assume the existence in our epoch of some circumstance which makes Bach particularly acceptable to us. This circumstance, it seems to me, is that our age somehow prefers to express itself indirectly, through older works which happen to fit its needs. And Bach's genius happens in several respects to fit the needs of our own.

For one thing, Bach's music has a special power to gratify feelings conditioned like ours to respond to mechanistic precision. It is rigorous and exact music. This is a result of the fact that Bach's period, under the influence of the philosophy of Descartes, tended to regard Nature as a complexly functioning automaton. The period intuitively produced intricate artistic forms, chief among them those of Bach, which for all their deep feelings have a uniformity of motion. Precisely a technological, efficient age like ours is equipped psychologically to appreciate the mathematical exactness of Bach's compositions.

Another reason for our predilection for this music, a reason which may have secretly recommended it to the last hundred years, is its peculiar power to afford relief

from the torment of excessively personal feelings. It is one of the great expressions of artistic impersonality. Not in the least that it is unlyrical! Only, unlike romantic music, it seems never to sing the sorrows and joys of an individual, even an individual as heroic as Beethoven. Invariably it says "we," not "I," communicating with deepest sincerity a sense of the general human predicament, the eternal tragedy and grandeur of the gift of life. Thus it takes people entirely out of themselves. Our present world also needs the other-worldly direction of Bach, the feelings of the supersensual, the mystical, of unity with the Highest Good which he proclaims with an ecstasy not even surpassed by the final pages of *Parsifal*. All this experience was unalloyed reality to Bach. It renders his music invaluable to a seemingly irreligious time. It offers informal religious experience and approach to the divine to a generation hungry for it. Besides, there is the prodigious craftsmanship, the beautiful elaborations, the magnificent sonority perceptible despite vulgar transcriptions. But the greatest of his gifts is the evocation of a peace of which the world knows nothing; and on the strength of this gift we predicate the immortality of his music.



HAVE YOU READ your life insurance policies carefully—recently?

If not, we urge you to do so, before another day goes by. Examine each policy you own and, when you come to the part about method of final settlement, ask yourself this important question:

“Have I chosen the method of payment, available under my policy, which will be best suited to my own needs and those of my family?”

Most Ordinary policies, as you know, offer a choice of several methods of payment. In the first place, the amount due may be paid to your bene-

ficiary in one lump sum. You may prefer, however, to select one of the other methods, commonly known as “optional modes of settlement.”

These options or choices can be divided into three types:

Type 1. Interest Payments. The life insurance company retains the amount due under your policy and pays interest on this sum either for a number of years agreed upon, or for as long as the person to whom it is payable may live.

At the end of this period, the principal itself is payable in one sum, to whomever has been named to receive it.

Type 2. Instalment Payments. The company pays from the amount due under your policy, and the interest earnings thereon, stated sums in equal instalments for a specified number of years agreed upon. At the end of the instalment period, the principal will have been used up. Most policies contain a table showing the amount of instalments payable over various periods of time.

Type 3. Life Annuity Income. The company retains the amount due under your policy, and pays a life income to your beneficiary.

There are several forms of life annuity income settlement. Some of them provide for additional payments if the person receiving life income dies before such payments total a certain amount, or before they have been received for a certain length of time. The amount of income is determined by several factors, including the age of the beneficiary at the time payments begin, and the form of settlement which is selected.

In your policy, if it is not a very old one, you will probably find tables illustrating the benefits obtainable under one or more of the life annuity income methods of settlement.

• • •

The entire amount due under your policy need not be placed under any one option. Part of the amount due can be paid in a lump sum, and the balance left with the company under

one or more of the options. The income is payable, at your selection, either annually, semi-annually, quarterly, or monthly, provided only that each payment is at least \$10.

The use of "optional modes of settlement" is not restricted to payments to your beneficiary. Under certain conditions, they may also be applied to payments which may become due to yourself in accordance with the provisions of your policy and in final settlement thereof.

Your Metropolitan agent will gladly help and advise you in determining which of the methods available under most Metropolitan Ordinary life insurance policies seem best suited to your needs and to those of your beneficiaries.

COPYRIGHT 1940—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

This is Number 27 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. In Canada the privileges outlined in this advertisement must be exercised in conformance with the laws concerning the rights of beneficiaries in the various Provinces. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



LUNACY MARCHES ON!

THE anthropological expert of the patriotic *Daily Worker*, Comrade Art Shields, suggests delicately to President Roosevelt that the Aleutian Islands and Greenland really belong to the Little Father in the Kremlin:

The Soviet Eskimos, who are governing themselves, are the same peoples as their Alaska neighbors and their Greenland cousins. They speak the same language as the Alaskans you govern, Mr. President. . . . And today the American Eskimos of Little Diomed Island in Bering Straits feel very much at home when they meet a Soviet blood relative from nearby Big Diomed Island in a kayak at sea.

* * *

Cultural note culled from the *Deutscher Weckruf und Beobachter*, New York Nazi organ:

Quite a number of people also describe the German classical author, Shakespeare, as belonging to English literature, because — quite accidentally born at Stratford-on-Avon — he was forced by the authorities of that country to write in English.

* * *

Sano Mach, commander of the fascist Glinka-guard and propaganda chief of Hitler's puppet government in Slovakia, discourses on honesty, liberty and the like, according to the Munich *Völkischer Beobachter*:

The loyalty which we Slovaks have for Germany is based on our love of liberty, and for that reason our love for Germany is so deeply rooted in our hearts. . . . If we, as a free people, are loyal to Germany, this should be an example for the whole world. In Central Europe, to be against Germany means to be against the law of nature. . . . We let ourselves be guided by our common sense. We know what honor means, and therefore we are on the side of Germany — for love of liberty.

* * *

Extract from the book *Gerbe de Force* by the pro-Nazi Alphonse de Chateaubriand, published just before the war and quoted by *L'Époque* recently in unmasking fifth-column work in France:

I believe that the physiognomic analysis of his [Hitler's] face reveals four essential characteristics: by the particular height of his temples, a high idealism; by the formation of his hard and scrutinizing nose, a very remarkable sharpness of intuition; by the distance of the nostrils from the ear, a leonine power. The fourth characteristic is his immense kindness. Yes, Hitler is kind. Look at him in the midst of children, bending over the grave of those he loved; he is immensely kind, I repeat it.

* * *

The subtleties of totalitarian logic are again illustrated by a Moscow *Pravda* editorial:

The history of the involvement of Belgium and Holland in the war by the

Anglo-French bloc confirms over and over again the profound truth of Stalin's words about the imperialists who like to have other people pull their chestnuts out of the fire.

* * *

Fashion note from our own South, in the caption for an Associated Press wirephoto in the *Augusta, Georgia, Chronicle*:

National officials of the Ku Klux Klan, meeting in Atlanta, Georgia, abolished the hooded visor of the Klan's regalia and ordered members not to wear masks in public or privately. The burning of fiery crosses also was ordered restricted. James A. Colescott, the Klan's imperial wizard, is shown displaying the discarded regalia with mask and the new uniform with visor removed.

More light on the style trend is shed by *The Hour*:

We learn that the recent order of the Klan's Imperial Wizard, James A. Colescott, regulating the material and design of Klansmen's robes and hoods, was due in part to the desire of the Klan's higher-ups to stop members from making their night-riding clothes at home and to boost the business of the order's official factory in Georgia producing those nightgowns on a wholesale basis.

* * *

A Nazi propaganda leaflet in Spanish, tactfully surmounted by an eagle bearing a swastika, reassures South American nations:

The Teuton state never had any recourse to disciplinary measures except in cases when it was met by stupid obstinacy of small states, none of which should ever have had a vote or voice in the concert of powerful nations. Greater Germany succeeded in extending beyond its frontiers its government, full of benevolence, and its incomparable culture, which carries with it, as universally recognized, hope and comfort to the inferior races where not very friendly sentiments have been fostered concerning the great German ideal. . . . Groundless terror soon changed to admiration and gratitude toward the Führer, who in his magnanimity has condescended to offer them the possibility of exchanging their insignificant nationality for the resplendent citizenship of their conquerors. . . .

* * *

The brave Trojan horsemen of the New York *New Masses* write history too:

The USSR is vitally concerned with the limitation of the imperialist war. Its most decisive action toward this end was the Soviet-German pact itself last August. Its treaties with the Baltic states, its support of the German peace offer last October, and the Soviet-Finnish peace were expressions of the fundamental Soviet aim of limiting the war.

* * *

Revelation and prophecy by Leon Daudet, the royalist leader, in his paper *L'Action Française*:

We should not consider our enemies as passive. They might suddenly become enterprising.

(Compiled by Stephen Naft)

► *The nation's housing program is stalled by rackets and inertia!*

HOUSING HOLDUP

BY KARL DETZER

JOHN BROWN wants to build a house. He's a middle-income citizen with a middle-sized family. He pays double the rent he can afford. Like 52 per cent of Americans, his wages entitle him to a dwelling worth between \$2000 and \$3950. He looks forward eagerly to the day when he can own such a home. But he might as well know now that no technical or financial plan yet devised, neither prefabrication nor government subsidies, will speed that day unless certain selfish minorities using criminal tactics are first driven from the building field. He and his neighbors can drive them out. Their weapon is intelligent and resolute cooperation by organized groups of housing consumers — home owners and renters — in every city and town.

John Brown and his neighbors can do a lot about the building rackets. They can repeal bad building laws, bring antiquated laws up to date, and enforce good laws; for the building rackets operate in a jungle of lawlessness. Labor leaders

and business men work separately and together through collusion, boycotts, strikes and politics to prevent John Brown from getting a cheaper house. Dealers and manufacturers want to prevent the upset of their markets; unions want to prevent the use of time-saving devices.

One racket raises building costs by price-fixing between manufacturers and distributors and by collusive bidding among contractors and an "understanding" with union labor. Still another prevents outside competitors in materials, contracts and labor from entering a local field. One of the most potent means of keeping costs up and barring progress is sly manipulation of local building codes. There are 1800 such codes in the United States. They are merely local ordinances, subject to repeal or revision whenever enough John Browns and their wives in any town demand it of their elected city council. All these codes were nobly conceived to prevent unsafe construction, fire traps, disease traps

and overcrowding. To eliminate them would be unthinkable, for they stand between the people and the jerry-builder who would make every city unsafe. But many of them, as they read today, also stand between the people and inexpensive, safe housing.

Codes cannot be uniform. It is entirely reasonable that Florida and Maine should set up varying standards. But it is not reasonable for one city to say that brick walls eight inches thick are strong and safe, and for a similar town a few miles away to require sixteen-inch walls. Nor is it reasonable for a city to outlaw plumbing or wiring methods which a neighboring city insists upon — both in the name of safety. Nor for one town to demand a nine-foot minimum ceiling height when a nearby town permits eight-foot ceilings. Such discrepancies keep building costs high by preventing mass production of standard parts. Often they are the result of either the whim or the engineering inexperience of the men who wrote the codes.

Often the codes are used to prevent prefabrication, to outlaw inexpensive wallboard in favor of costly plaster, to multiply the feet of pipe used in plumbing and the hours required to install it, to eliminate improved wiring methods

that save time and materials, to give preference to the products of one manufacturer over another. More than 65 per cent of codes allow local plumbing, building, roofing and electrical inspectors discretionary powers to decide for themselves what are safe and suitable materials. Inspectors have an eye on their own interests. For example the plumbing inspector, whose ostensible duty is to protect the public, is almost inevitably either a master plumber or a union member and interested, short-sightedly, in keeping plumbing costs high. Often these groups work hand in glove not only with each other, but also with national distributors. The Department of Justice has proved this in the past and is ready to prove it again.

The fifty makers of prefabricated houses have met ruthless opposition from lumber and supply dealers and unions who see in the assembly-line house a menace to wasteful, outworn methods. Gunison Housing Corporation, America's largest prefabricator, recently sold several factory-built houses in Springfield, Illinois. Architecturally they were better than most houses; floors were five times as strong and walls had thrice the wind resistance most codes require. But the Springfield Council quick-

ly amended its code and prevented erection of these homes. Before the same company could erect its factory-built houses in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, it had to beat a court injunction ostensibly brought by frightened citizens but patently inspired by lumber dealers.

Chicago struggled for fifteen years to throw off an antiquated code. Eventually a committee of experts forced the adoption of a model law. But the City Council quickly passed riders which shot it full of holes. One rider outlawed plaster wallboard by specifying that it must be thicker than any that is on the market, another prevents the use of pressed wood panels unless they are covered by plaster. For twenty years after electrical refrigerators came into general use, the Chicago code required them to be connected to the sewers, to carry off theoretical water from theoretical melting ice. By recent amendment, family-sized refrigerators now are exempt, but larger refrigerators — in boarding houses, for instance — still must comply. Who, besides certain plumbers and pipe dealers, would insist upon such a clause?

The Federal courts have indicted 1580 unions, contractors, dealers, and material supply sources in some thirty cities in a dozen states

for criminal practices which keep building costs high. The government has pressed and won scores of civil suits. The Mason Contractors' Association of Washington, D. C., conniving with officers of bricklayers', plasterers' and masons' unions, agreed secretly in 1938 that members bidding on jobs of more than \$500 must submit their bids before filing to a "bid administrator." He averaged the bids and struck a figure $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent below that average — and that became low bid. The unions made it hard for contractors who wouldn't play ball. A Federal court last March ordered this association disbanded.

II

General contractors who do three-fourths of New Orleans building agreed secretly in 1938 to increase all bids by a percentage, this amount to be divided among the losers by the winning bidder. On one large job (the Charity Hospital!), this sum was \$7500 and each unsuccessful bidder received \$840. In the Federal court recently four corporations and thirteen persons pleaded *nolo contendere* on this charge.

A Pittsburgh grand jury last winter charged that officers of the pipefitters' union allowed members

to work only for contractors who, belonging to a Voluntary Code Authority, did 95 per cent of the work in the city. According to the indictment the union then set up a non-profit United Heating Company. Whenever a non-member of the Code Authority made a low bid on a job, this union company bid even lower, on an unprofitable basis. In hundreds of other towns similar agreements and conspiracies exist.

Unions and dealers in one city frequently combine to boycott products made in another. Members of Local 3, Electrical Workers, of New York, make practically all electric installations in and near New York and do most of the assembling in New York fixture plants. A Federal indictment charges that if a builder tried to use fixtures not made in New York, the union would, it is true, install them. But first it would tear out all the wiring in them, then slowly and expensively put it back.

Officers of three steel sash companies and four glaziers' union officials have been indicted for excluding competitors and boosting the price of every window in every new house in Cleveland. Meanwhile, according to the indictment, three union officials organized the Glaze-Rite Corpora-

tion, which had a monopoly on wooden windows. It is further charged that all sash had to be delivered without glass and glazed on the job . . . the expensive way. Indictments charging practices of these general types have been returned in Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Seattle, and Long Island.

Many of these combines are so powerful that the government itself sometimes is not immune to pressure. The USHA, harassed by the plasterers' union, issued an order on February 4, 1939, never to use plaster substitutes except when "it is conclusively shown that use of plaster will *substantially* increase costs or adversely affect the low-rental character of the project."

In addition to such conspiracies, jurisdictional disputes between unions further complicate the building business. At Centralia, Illinois, AFL workmen refused to erect houses prefabricated by the CIO; in New Orleans, AFL carpenters quit jobs to which CIO teamsters hauled materials.

Nearly everywhere it's the same story, and everywhere these evils can be corrected if all the John Browns set out stout-heartedly to stop them. The Sherman anti-trust act prohibits restraint of trade in

interstate commerce, and John Brown can't build a house without using some raw materials from across state lines. Therefore if he and his neighbors organize, investigate, discover actual evidence of price-rigging, they need only call on the Department of Justice for help.

Manipulation of building codes should be even simpler to halt. A city council acts quickly if any considerable group of voters militantly demands its rights. Here is an opportunity for women's clubs everywhere to lead a campaign that will benefit their home communities. Such groups, aided by local newspapers, can rapidly smoke out obsolete or unfair clauses in their code, or selfish interpretations by inspectors. The National Bureau of Standards, a non-political government engineering service, makes exhaustive tests of all materials and methods, and can give any city the data it needs to write a safe, sensible code.

It is even suggested that legislatures establish statewide codes, fair to public, dealers, contractors and labor alike, setting up separate

minimum requirements for rural areas, small towns, cities. If any particular situation in any particular city requires additional safeguards, it can arrange them through local ordinances. It probably is necessary that plumbers inspect plumbing, that electricians inspect electrical equipment, that men experienced in the building trades check other construction. But these men could be made to function under a "code authority" composed of laymen not remotely interested in maintaining high prices but deeply interested in protecting the whole public. In most towns distinguished committees of doctors, lawyers, educators and engineers would be glad to serve without salary.

But whatever the remedy, the first step must be taken by John Brown, Mrs. John Brown, and their neighbors, by you and me, by Americans everywhere who want and need better houses at prices they can afford to pay. Wishful thinking never stopped a racket. It takes organization, perseverance, a resolute and fearless attack. The place to start is your home town.



POEMS ABOUT THE WAR

WAR

BY FULGENCE WORMHOLE

i have many legs of jointed steel
and walk grotesquely sideways
with my pendent yellow belly
swaying slightly
and full of little springs . . .
wheels whirl within
the crimson cavern of my nostrils . . .
my ivory teeth form fours
and multiply
like fabulous rams in bibles . . .
my eyes are prisms
with each socket scored by verniers
so that my accurate squint
reveals the range in trivial yards
of distant spires and steeples . . .
my lobster-colored ears
are patent cunning horns
that predict across the sky
the rhythmic tread of droning
aircraft . . .
my thoughts are balloons
which plumb the depths
of purple night
restrained by slender wires . . .

i pitch my horned magnetic pebbles
in the sea —
'tis but my game of marbles
with ships as stakes

and fairways for the gutter . . .
i tear the legs off thrones
and pluck the gems from coronets . . .
inward i breathe
and deep inflate my leathern lungs
so that the sussex hen
lays more expensive eggs
or gas goes up and stocks go down
whilst pigs make high demands
for bacon . . .

my vibrant voice is made of tin
torn into strips —
my feet of quartz
in uncouth cubes —
my hands of beaten brass . . .
my head is fashioned
as a crystal bowl
with silent cunning fish
for thoughts . . .

a dangerous dribbling idiot
i
insanely staggering at large
within the corridors
of this eight-roomed globe . . .
screaming
i rattle the doors of nations
and lay a brazen finger

on the arm of youth
 thus
 potmen pull triggers
 instead of homely beer
 and bank clerks change their counters
 for the sky . . .
 i blow the moon and stars
 and street lamps
 out
 with poisoned breath
 and cause old men to stumble . . .
 i build a flameless fire
 of burning cradles
 to warm the throbbing engine
 of my obscene heart . . .
 i woo the factories
 seduce the industry
 and rape the foundries
 of agitated lands
 then leave them pregnant

with their brood of death ma-
 chines . . .
 i am war
 molten unleashed and fuming . . .
 an insinuating stream of lava
 trickles from the inner turret
 of my domed and maddened brain . . .
 i grimly frolic
 in my vizored cap
 and desolating bells —
 a ghastly chemical clown . . .
 i trace with copper fingernails
 macabre and dreamy etchings
 done in blood
 and then i gibber darkly
 like a grey mechanical imbecile
 and loll my tongue . . .
 i have a metal cough
 thus — gchaa . . .
 i am mad.



CROW TIME

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

THE bird-song, spring and autumn, ebbs and flows;
 Winter and summer are the same to crows

Crying to every hilltop, every farm,
 "Arm ye and arm ye well! Alarm, alarm,

"There is an enemy among the wheat,
 These apples, ripening, are not yours to eat:

"That corn, gold-tasseling, is not yours to taste:
 There is an enemy. Make haste, make haste!"

You take that rusty musket from the wall,
From far away there floats the mocking call;

You hang the dead crow dangling in the field,
The rest will gather there, consume the yield.

Best leave the crow alone, best leave to fate
What nature will not end or arbitrate:

Be crow too, rob and plunder as you must;
Since the Lord's rain falls yet on the unjust;

But let your voice cry havoc still to tell
That there are thieves abroad: "Men, arm you well,

"Since Rome, too, might have lasted had its swords
Been louder than the greed of hungry hordes."



AUBADE: 1940

BY CHARLES EDWARD EATON

THERE was a time when men remembered the sun,
There was a time when they heard the cock crow
At dawn and the curtains drew back to morning.
Last night the cock crew long before dawn,
And we knew day was coming and we stirred
In our beds, twisting between dreams of light
And darkness. The baby's muffled cry, the whinny
Of the milkman's horse told us dawn was coming.
Last night we had read of war in England,
And how peace flickered like a gust-torn candle
Guarded in the shrines of France. We could
Not believe the night so all-surrounding,
And fell into a sleep dreaming of dawn.
All night the bells of Notre Dame rang
In our ears, all night the Thames moved past

Reflecting sky torn by the flash of bombs.
All this even in dreams is no salute
To morning, not even in a land that lies
Between two shining oceans. Troubled dreams
Can cross the waters, curdling the ether,
Forging the sound waves into jagged patterns.
Here between dreams of light and darkness,
The distant cockcrow is hoarse and joyless,
Prodding the fitful sleeper with its discord;
And the sleeper turns upon his pillow,
Remembering a more radiant day
When the curtains drew back to morning.



BOYS IN THE CORN

BY HORTENSE LANDAUER SANGER

LIFT up no heart above the fullness
Of small hills crumbling with their yield,
Nor even turn your cheeks for coolness
Up to the clouds above the field,

Divorce no eagerness from the furrow
But honor the earth through solemn eyes,
As they would who again tomorrow
With fearful looks must search the skies.



ALLERGY IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

By HARRY F. SWARTZ, M.D.

THE young Japanese university student explained to me between wheezes that he had suffered from asthmatic attacks for the past six months. What made it even worse was that these attacks occurred with clock-like regularity every Saturday morning and disappeared about noon on Monday in the middle of his history class. This inexorable rhythm had brought him to the verge of a persecution complex. He implied vaguely that perhaps a Samurai ancestor was chastising him for fraternizing with the enemy. His favorite pastime, every Friday night, was to go down to New York's Chinatown and eat his way through a twelve course Cantonese dinner.

What did he eat? Well, he was partial to one dish — pork with water chestnuts and bean sprouts. I tested him for this dish, with no results. Wasn't there something else? Yes. A bag of lichee nuts for the subway ride home. It was the lichee nuts, of course. He hasn't eaten them since and the asthma

has completely disappeared. This experience has left him with an unusual respect for the subtlety of the Chinese.

Although this is not a typical experience in cases of asthma, it demonstrates the characteristics of the allergic reaction. The symptoms come on suddenly after contact with the offending substance, remain for a time, and disappear suddenly, leaving the individual perfectly normal. Until recently, the most commonly known manifestations of allergy were hay fever, asthma, hives, giant hives, and eczema. Now, medicine realizes that an allergic reaction can take place in any part of the body. Practically any component of man's environment, innocuous to the normal individual, may produce this reaction in the allergic.

Take the case of Mr. Jones who, like our Japanese, suffered from a week-end affliction. Every Saturday night he was unable to sleep because of an intolerable itchy rash that appeared on his hands and face. Because he was an en-

lightened Westchester suburbanite, he made it his duty to follow the newest developments of medicine in the columns of the Sunday paper. Therefore, he approached his condition scientifically. He examined the bedding and furniture for vermin; he went on an acid-free diet; but still he walked and scratched through the Saturday nights. His family doctor referred him to an allergist who found that Mr. Jones bought his Sunday paper late Saturday night. His order of reading was: cable section, sports, rotogravure pages. These last he dawdled over before preparing for bed. The specialist applied a small square of the rotogravure page to Mr. Jones's bare back. When it was removed several hours later, an itchy rash was uncovered. Mr. Jones doesn't read the picture pages any more and sleeps well Saturday nights.

Some day, the allergist may be called in along with the psychiatrist as a consultant in divorce suits. An undiscovered allergy in either husband or wife may frequently be interpreted as incompatibility. This is illustrated by the case of Nell and Bob Stuart, friends of mine. I was their first dinner guest after they were married, and at the table was astonished to observe how cold and strained was the

conversation between them. Nell excused herself very early, pleading a headache, and within five minutes Bob had broken down and confessed that their marriage was a complete failure. They were constantly quarreling and he was physically ill. His illness had begun on the train the night of their honeymoon. The moment they had pulled the covers over themselves in their private compartment, Bob began coughing and sneezing and running at the nose and eyes. After a half-hour he dressed and went into the lounge car because he didn't want to disturb his wife. Once he was there the symptoms disappeared. He decided it must have been a "psychic cold." But since then, the symptoms had recurred nightly. The coughing and sneezing left him weak and exhausted.

It was Nell's fault, poor girl. On questioning her, I learned that she had purchased a new brand of bath powder for her honeymoon. Analysis of the powder showed it to contain rice as a base. When Bob was tested with an extract of rice, he gave a walloping reaction. Nell stopped using the powder, of course, and Bob stopped having his symptoms.

Thus, we see that the very ordinary and sometimes unrealized

components of this world are potential founts of danger to the allergic. The things we eat, breathe, touch, or receive into our bodies and which we take as a matter of course, may make him ill or kill him. In short, the allergic is a maladjusted individual. And he constitutes ten per cent of the population of the USA.

II

In the discomfiture of the allergic can be seen the ingenuity of man. Man has utilized almost everything that is found in the earth, air, and water. He uses it for food, to clothe himself, to build shelters; in industry and the arts. Sometimes this results in the most unexpected things being our close companions. Consider the curious case of the cuttlefish and Mr. Clark. It seems that Mr. Clark, a jeweler, persevered bravely for a long time in his shop in spite of watering, itching eyes and a reddened, clogged nose. Because his wife was a hay fever sufferer and he noticed a resemblance between her symptoms and his, he went to an allergist. As the specialist suspected, the symptoms occurred only during his working day; he felt perfectly well at home. Mr. Clark added that he experienced his

symptoms most severely in his work room at the rear of his shop. Even there he felt all right at times. It was only when he was using polish that his eyes and nose bothered him. Analysis showed that the polish contained the powdered internal plate of the cuttlefish, used by most jewelers; and today Mr. Clark's nose is normal because he has found a better polish. He has great respect for allergists.

Allergics other than jewelers may suffer because of this powder, since it is used for other purposes. Carpenters employ it for polishing paint, wood, and varnish. Dentists polish teeth with small, emery-like boards containing it; and it also serves as a base for metal-cleaning liquids and pastes, in razor strop pastes, in powders used in conjunction with poultry food. Cuttle bone is also placed in canary cages to stimulate the bird's appetite and provide the necessary lime to give hardness to the shells of its eggs. And there are, of course, people who eat cuttlefish.

One of the most recently uncovered enemies of the allergic is the sand fly. Mrs. Xerxes of Buffalo had for several years been having attacks of asthma, and medical care failed to give her any lasting relief. Finally, she came

into the hands of an enterprising allergist who attacked the problem with enthusiasm. Her illness, he found, began at the onset of mild weather, usually in early June, and lasted until the coming of frost. Physicians had told her it was caused by pollens; but treatment with these pollens did no good. The allergist discovered that the period of her illness did not correspond to the season of pollination of any known plant in the vicinity. Mrs. Xerxes lived in a house at the edge of Lake Erie. Before it stretched a long sand beach, and the allergist decided that a clue would be found there. He spent many afternoons ranging along the shoreline hunting for a new type of plant. One day, he felt the sting of an insect on his neck and his hand came away with the crushed body of a sand fly. Walking back to Mrs. Xerxes' house, he noticed clouds of sand flies hovering over the beach. That gave him the idea.

A study of the insect's life cycle revealed that the dates of its coming and going in this area coincided almost exactly with the onset and disappearance of Mrs. Xerxes' asthma. He trapped many sand flies and discovered that they shed the scales of their wings just as a moth does. Mrs. Xerxes was

treated with an extract made from these scales. She responded excellently and since then has suffered no more. Many other cases of unexplained asthma in this region have been relieved through these findings.

There are other insects that add to the torment of an allergic's existence — the common bed bug, May flies, mosquitoes, and bees. Cases are known where an allergic sensitive to bees has been killed by a single sting. In all these instances, an extract made from the particular insect and injected at regular intervals in increasing doses will give relief.

More interesting are the inanimate products which constitute stumbling blocks for the allergic. Such things as metals and, more ironically, drugs concocted to help man, may cause the allergic acute suffering.

Some allergics are sensitive to novocaine, a widely used local anesthetic. In one case, its injection beneath the skin caused a huge, fist-like, reddened swelling that itched and pressed on the nerves of the hand, causing temporary paralysis. A dentist who used novocaine for injection into the gums of his patients noticed a rash of the fingers that grew more severe daily until thick cast-like

scales of skin peeled off. Novocaine was found to be the cause. Half of one aspirin tablet has been known to kill a person allergic to it within a few seconds. Sometimes aspirin may cause a scaly rash all over the body; or perversely enough, a headache.

Many popular laxatives bought by a colon-conscious public may give the allergic distress. This was the case with little Mary Collins, whose mother called me one morning. Mary was in bed, her breathing difficult, her body covered with an itching red rash consisting of myriads of small raised areas. Was there anything unusual in the child's diet yesterday? Anything new brought into the house? Had the child worn a new dress or undergarment? Had she been taken to visit a new place? Mrs. Collins said no. Then little Mary piped up helpfully, announcing that she had eaten some of the new candy mamma brought home. It was red and thin and sweet tasting and it came in blocks. She had found it in the medicine chest where mamma had hidden it. *Phenolphthalein* is a frequent constituent of proprietary laxatives — as it was in this case — and is a source of danger for the allergic.

In fact, the known allergic should shun medicines of all kinds

unless prescribed by a physician. Headache medicines, cold tablets, sedatives and even injections given by dentist or doctor may cause severe reactions and occasionally death. Allergic diabetics have been known to suffer local and general reactions from insulin. Arsenicals used in the treatment of syphilis and gold salts prescribed for certain skin conditions are sometimes trouble makers for the allergic. Adrenalin and its derivatives are the only known drugs that are at all effective in the symptomatic treatment of allergy. Yet in some individuals these medicaments will aggravate the allergic manifestation which it is intended to relieve.

Many sudden deaths have occurred on the operating table, especially among children. These were labelled *thymus deaths* because in all of these children a well developed *thymus gland* was discovered. Ordinarily, this gland, found at the base of the neck and under the breastbone, atrophies by the age of twelve. Recent evidence, however, has demonstrated that these deaths were really due to specific allergy and were not related to the thymus. The children died because they were sensitive to the gaseous anesthetics employed — ether, chloroform, ethylene, and cyclopropane.

In 1933, a new disease entity, *Agranulocytosis*, became known, characterized by diminution of the granular white blood cells and ulceration in the mouth and throat, rapidly terminating in death. Today, it is thought that this condition is a drug allergy. The most common offender was found to be *amidopyrine*, widely used in headache and fever remedies.

Such innocuous materials as metals — chrome, nickel, silver and gold — may hurt the allergic. The condition usually resulting from sensitivity to metal is a rash where metal touches the skin. The commonest places are the wrists, from watch bands; behind the ears and on the bridge of the nose, from eyeglass temples and mounts; the foot, from shoe buckles; the neck and chest, from pendants; the ear lobes, from earrings.

III

Old Mr. Krause's attitude toward his asthma was one of anger. Aged seventy-two, he had lived in the Swiss Alps for more than fifty years, a hearty mountaineer with never a day's illness. Now, here in America, he resented having to be up half the night wheezing, coughing and running to the

window for air; especially since he was still stronger than men half his age. He was irritated that the attacks occurred only during the winter nights. I questioned him about his habits. Winter is a time for heavier clothing, warmer blankets, different diet. Did he remember any such alterations before the asthmatic attacks began? Yes. This year his daughter had made a new flannel cover for his pet featherbed, but that couldn't make him sick, he insisted. My test for wool (flannel) and eider duck feathers confirmed his opinion. But a culture of the feathers from his bed disclosed the real culprit: a definite type of mold, *Aspergillus fumigatus*. This mold had grown in the feathers over a long period of time until it reached an irritating concentration and began to trouble Mr. Krause.

There are other molds capable of causing distress to the allergic. This is especially true in areas with high humidity. Molds can cause gastro-intestinal disorders in allergics who ingest them. Bread and other foods, not properly protected from the air, are favorite places for mold growth. Some foods, like Roquefort cheese, are prepared with the aid of molds.

Non-material agents frequently torment the allergic. Such was the

case with Mr. Bassett. His vacations, which he liked to spend at the seashore, were always terminated in a few days by the appearance of large hives on his body. They were the size of a fist and covered his arms, back, shoulders, thighs, calves, and feet. Curiously, these itchy red swellings began to diminish on the way home, and by the time he arrived at his apartment they had disappeared. When he went back to the beach, the symptoms recurred. At first, the giant hives appeared only when he wore his swimming trunks; later on they occurred even in the city, out on the street.

My diagnosis revealed that Mr. Bassett was allergic to ultraviolet light, which is a major constituent of the sun's rays. My attempt to desensitize him with increasing doses of ultraviolet light was a failure. This is a common experience. Finally, with the help of a physicist, a salve was devised that prevented these rays from penetrating the skin. Mr. Bassett now applies this salve to the exposed parts of his body before going out on the beach. Because of the absorption of the salve into the skin, he has to renew the application every few hours, but he is free of symptoms.

Cold, too, affects the allergic

sensitive to it, sometimes fatally. Ordinary exposure to a cold wind occasionally causes swelling of the tongue, cheeks, eyelids, and ears; itching and redness of the skin; itching of the eyes; sneezing and coughing. The allergic may also experience pain in the mouth and throat and stomach when he drinks cold water. At times, exposure not excessive for the normal person may cause total collapse. The allergic may also be sensitive to heat, burns, and mechanical irritation. Heat may cause the same symptoms that cold does. In rare cases in which a sensitivity to burns exists, a large hive or series of hives appears within an hour at the burned spot. Allergics sensitive to mechanical irritation are odd cases. Their skins are so sensitive that any irritation or injury causes a hive on the spot. A hearty slap on the back results in considerable swelling in the form of a hand. A long pin scratch produces a line of reddened swelling. In fact, the skin of these unfortunates could be used as a blackboard.

Some of the newer manifestations of allergy are migraine, epilepsy, gastro-intestinal disorders, certain types of arthritis, and even some heart conditions.

Physicians are apt to overlook allergy as the cause of many ail-

ments because the field is comparatively new. Take the story of Dr. R., who complained of vague stomach pains for several years. Like most physicians, he neglected himself through carelessness or because of a subconscious contempt for his colleagues. His history suggested a peptic ulcer, and x-rays, although not definite, showed an area in the small intestine that indicated the presence of this condition. Dr. R. was prescribed the routine ulcer diet of milk and cream in small amounts at frequent intervals. His condition promptly became worse. His pain had been intermittent, now it was constant; he had been able to retain most of the food he ate, now he couldn't even stomach milk and cream. For months his treatment was varied, but the symptoms continued always more marked. An accidental visit to an allergist cleared up his case. Skeptical Dr. R. allowed himself to be tested, and yielded a marked reaction to milk. His milk drinking

days are over and so is his ulcer.

It is apparent, then, that the unhappy allergic is an individual maladjusted to this world of ours. Some specialists say that the allergic belongs millions of years back, when the climatic conditions and physical structure of the world were entirely different. In this period, life was hidden from the sun, protected from great heat or cold. As it evolved, becoming more complex in a more complex world, only those forms that adjusted themselves to change continued to exist. Those that failed died, and their species disappeared. As man's civilization grew and morals developed, the maladjusted were no longer left to die. Occasionally our distant heredity expresses itself in a modern individual who is fully developed but has certain lacks. This is thought to be the case with the allergics, since they lack the power to contend successfully with the modern physical environment. It's an interesting theory.



A DEAL IN BULLS

A Story

BY PHILLIPS RUSSELL

THE beef buyer hurled the door of his car shut with a metallic bang and walked up to the house in the grove. On the steps he paused to wipe his face and button his shirt collar before pulling the brass knob of the bell. Something in the aloof dignity of the soft-shoed black woman who answered it caused him to remove his hat, which left a beet-colored streak on his round forehead, studded with drops of sweat.

"Is the peffesser in?"

The black woman hesitated.

"Tell him it's Doggett."

"I'll call him." She motioned to a cane-bottomed chair in the hall and disappeared. The beef buyer dropped his heavy body down and wiped the rivulets from his cheeks and chin. He looked about him and became aware that when the black woman closed the door, a curious thing had happened. The world he was accustomed to do business in was shut out: he could no longer hear the grind of its iron trucks,

the whine of its spinning wheels, the screech of its voices. There was no sound here except the *teck-teck* of a grandfather clock, which scarcely interfered with the even flow of the silence. The regularity of the great clock's beat was soothing. And so was the breeze that blew gently from the rear of the house where through an open window he could see the nodding stems of red and white hollyhocks.

Gradually the sweat left the furrows of the beef buyer's face, and he felt cool and tranquil. The chair he sat in was a little stiff, but he resisted the impulse to shift his weight lest the scrape of his shoes, with mud caked against the inner heel, grate harshly on this lulling silence. He felt relaxed enough to notice details. On a table near him rested a clear glass bowl in which floated a water lily above a round green leaf with an underside of rose. Around him bookshelves rose to the ceiling; he could make out a few of the titles — a life of

Thomas Jefferson, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a small book entitled *The New Economic Man*. It seemed to the beef buyer that even the restless clearing of his own throat was somehow offensive.

The professor came in so noiselessly through a side door that the beef buyer, wrenched back into this present world from a mood that was novel but not unpleasant, jumped up awkwardly. But he collected himself in time to remember that a hearty handshake is always the first step in good salesmanship.

"How'd do, peffesser?" He gripped the little man's hand powerfully. He got an unyielding grip in return. His respect mounted. Here was no cloistered fellow with pink fingers, but a man who had muscles in his shoulders. The professor was short, but broadly built. The shaved, tanned face was impassive, but the small blue eyes were swift and searching, lying far back in their sockets between a high-bridged nose and great ears tufted with hair. The seamed face was a little swollen by sleep.

"Scuse me if I woke you up, peffesser," said Doggett.

"No harm done," said the professor. He seated himself in a rocking chair, but did not rock. "My nap was long enough. I take one every

afternoon. I'm like Cortez. Every day after the noon meal, when he was pushing through the jungles of Mexico, he would throw himself down under a tree and sleep. None of his men dared wake him."

"Or he'd a-snapped their heads off, hey?" said the beef buyer. He laughed ingratiatingly, but noting the professor's eyes fixed upon him steadily, he shut his teeth and spoke in the formal, cautious tone that men adopt when they approach matters involving money. "Well, I got your note, peffesser. You got some stuff to sell, have you?"

"Yes," said the professor. "I'm getting on in years and, in the words of Emerson, it's time for me to shorten sail. I've got some surplus Angus bulls, and I'm willing to sell off a few."

The beef buyer twisted in his chair and pulled his mustache thoughtfully. "The market ain't so good just now. Still, it wouldn't do any harm to look. Where you keep 'em?"

"Down in a pasture about a mile from here," said the professor.

"Well then." The beef buyer put his hands on his knees as if to rise, but since the professor seemed to be in no hurry, and since it was pleasant to linger in this cool, soundless house, he sank back and waited for the other man to take

the initiative. Doggett felt a curious reluctance to go back into that world where there was noise, heat, and strife, and this reluctance surprised him.

"It's cert'ny a nice place you got here, peffesser," he said.

"I've been here forty-three years," said the professor.

"You've got real attached to it by now, I reckon."

"Men past sixty always want things to stay put," said the professor. "Conservatism has its uses. It is a check on rashness."

"Chillun all married and gone, I reckon."

"I never had any," said the professor. "My wife died a year ago. I live here alone, with the black woman as my housekeeper."

"You ought to see my house," said Doggett. "Chillun, chillun — seven of 'em. Maybe you wouldn't believe me, but sometimes I could take a shotgun to 'em. You know how it is; their racket gits on a person's nerves."

The professor stood up. "Well, shall we go down to the pasture?"

II

At the pasture gate the professor took from his pocket a small paper bag.

"To deal with any animal," he

said, "you must first find the key that will unlock him. Pull or push a bull, and he will plant his feet like an oak tree. But show him a handful of salt and he becomes a child."

He mounted a rise and called "Yoopee! Yoopee!" In reply came a grumbling and mumbling, and up from a ravine stalked a bull, black and majestic. He planted each foot solidly, with a quivering of flesh on flank and shoulder. At sight of the stranger he paused and swept his head low, venting his breath in a blast that made the dead leaves dance on the ground.

"Tum on, boy," called the professor in a wheedling tone, as if he were addressing a kitten. The bull walled his eyes and came forward with dignity, breathing heavily and filling the air with a milky odor. Finally he took a stand, eyeing the paper bag with a condescending interest.

"That's Caesar," said the professor.

"He's the boss, I suppose," said the beef buyer.

"Yes, The others are younger and he sometimes pushes them around."

Six other black bulls were moving up with imperial tread.

"A bull is the grandest of all animals," said the professor. "A ram can beat him, and an elephant can

outpull him, but they lack his integrity. No wonder the ancient races worshipped him."

"How many you got, in all, peffesser?"

"Seven."

"Just the same number as my chillun," said Doggett. "How much do you say this beef is wuth?"

The professor walked out into the pasture, holding the paper bag in front of him, to a spot covered with flattish stones. The bulls fell in behind him, making a bulky line that moved with a rhythmic and shaking tread. Caesar headed the line, his wet nose close to his owner's coat-tails. The professor tossed salt on the stones and the bulls trooped up and ate it. The beef buyer walked around them, eyeing them from tail to eyelash, but keeping at a distance.

"They are like blocks of black velvet," mused the professor aloud.

"Good beef comes in blocky shapes," agreed the beef buyer. "What you astin' for 'em, peffesser?"

Caesar moved away from his cleaned stone and spying a half-rotted stump, advanced upon it intently. He rubbed his head on it, both sides, then butted it down, rumbling in his throat moodily.

"A good bull is masculine," said the professor. "He's positive in everything he does."

"People aren't eating beef like they used to," said Doggett. "I can remember when my father used to eat beefsteak and scrambled eggs for breakfast, with hominy and gravy and hot biscuit. But what do people have for breakfast now? Half a glass of orange juice and three spoons of cerily. Goddlemitey! That wouldn't keep up a canary bird. Tell you what I'll do, peffesser," he cleared his throat. "I'll give you five cents a pound for that stuff, just as it stands."

Two of the younger bulls fenced with butted heads. The professor watched them as if absorbed.

"It must be an interesting life you have, Mr. Doggett," he said. "You get out and meet people, match wits with them, gain the victory. You learn to be a judge of values. And of men."

"In this business you cert'ny got to look sharp," said Doggett. "But many a day you get trimmed in a trade; sometimes by people you least expect it from."

"When you wake these summer mornings," said the professor, "you hear the voices of your children, rushing, tumbling, shouting through the house. Everything around you is vital, stirring. You have no need to strain for riches; you have them already."

"Yare," said the beef buyer,

"sometimes I says to myself, What is this money that people rob and steal and thief for? Why should I break my neck for a few more thin dimés a day? And then I look at them seven kids — seven mouths to feed, seven pairs of feet to shoe, seven trips to the dentist, seven doctor bills to pay. And then I take a hitch in my belt and try for a hammerlock on the world again."

"If the gods hadn't arranged it otherwise," said the professor, "I should like to have been a business man. It must be exciting to handle big deals, to take risks, to win or to lose in large sums."

The beef buyer glanced at the professor and took a quick look at his watch.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "But I got to ketch an appointment before I go home. Ready to call it a deal?"

"We'll go back by the house for just a moment," said the professor. "The afternoon sun is hot in these lowgrounds. It's cooler in my study."

As they turned up the slope toward the car, one of the bulls raised his head and sent his call over the hills, and the hills sent it back again until the spaces resounded with the brassy clamor.

"Cattle teach a man wonderful lessons," said the professor. "For

them, tomorrow has not yet come; is not shaped; and hence does not exist. They go along and eat their grass. The grass is converted into beef. The beef is converted into nutrition, energy, that eventuates in civilization — cities, governments, homes, lights, comforts. All flesh is grass, as the Hebrew poet wrote."

It was indeed cooler in the professor's study, for the windows had been shuttered. The professor now threw them open. A green-shaded lamp rested on his wide table, with piles of books, pamphlets, and notebooks, separated by small Greek busts and statuettes, and a great bowl of petunias.

"Let me put a question to you as a man of affairs," said the professor. Doggett beamed. Now they were going to get down to cases.

"It's this," said the professor, "Is time, to you, linear or enveloping? That is, does it seem to you to run along like a ribbon; or is it something having height, depth, and thickness?"

The beef buyer knotted his face and shook his head.

"I don't believe I quite get you, peffesser."

"To put it another way," said the professor. "Does it appear to you that time is a mental concept, or is it an external thing, that you

can measure and divide at will?"

"All I know," said Doggett, "is that I never have enough of it. I'm always rushin' about from one place to another. And sometimes I says to myself; What kind of a life is this? Ain't I ever to git the time to eat my meals in peace, to 'sociate with my fambly, and to be a reg'lar citterzen? But what say, peffesser? I'll give you six cents a pound for them animals and come and get 'em."

"Another question," said the professor. "In the world as now constituted, which do you prefer — freedom or security?"

Doggett laughed uncertainly. "Well, sir, I just go on with my business."

"That is to say," the professor went on, "would you rather do business as you please, meantime taking your chances; or would you accept regulations and restrictions provided you could have a small but assured income?"

"Me by myself, I'll take freedom ever' time," said the beef buyer. "But as a man with a wife and chillun, I'd take the gar'ntee. What you say to six cents for them cattle, peffesser?"

The professor put his hand on a small plaster bust and turned it idly. Doggett stood up.

"Sposen you think over my prop-

osition, peffesser, and lemme know. I got a heap of things to do before dark, and you'll 'scuse me now, sir. Cert'ny have enjoyed this conversation with you. It was a real treat to me to talk about rock-bottom things."

III

Doggett got home late. After washing his hands, he sat down before his cold dinner and began to reach for the dishes with both hands in the manner of a man who regards food only as fuel. A hubbub of children's voices came from the adjoining room.

"Shet that racket!" called Doggett. "Was they ever sech a bunch of animals?"

The dispute rose to a brawl and he looked about for a weapon. Finding none, he jerked off a shoe and hurled it against the door.

"Quiet, I tell you! Theda, you got to do sumpn to civerlize them chillun. They ought to be as much peace and quiet in this house as — as — any other man's house. 'Specially when he comes home tarred out and wants to set down and do some solid thinkin'."

His wife searched him with a look. "Where you been today?"

"I been framin' a deal with Pef-fesser Hardisson up here on the

hill. Looked at his Angus bulls. Premium stuff. I could sell that beef at a nice profit. Nuff to fix up the house with and make it fit to study over things in."

"Well, did he take your price?"

"Might as well been a-talkin' to the hills. Bet you I was there two hours. Dern my time if — ." Doggett laid down his tools as if a thought had burned him. "Dern my time. Maybe he didn't mean to do business. Maybe he only wanted to talk. Just for company. Sight to see him with those bulls. You'd thought he'd been over 'em with furniture polish." He stared abstractedly at the ketchup bottle.

"Theda, we got to put us up some bookshelves. I aim to do some readin' this winter. Hist'ry and things."

"Well, eat some supper now. But what has bookshelves got to do with beef?"

"Don't aggravate a man when he's thinkin' serious, Theda. I went to the peffesser's house to talk a trade. I was ready to pay him a good market price, or a little under. Instead of that, we talked the whole time about — oh, I don't know — about deep things, real deep. That man's got learnin'. He knows bulls, too; I got to say that for him. Why, he convinced me I don't even know

the *meanin'* of beef. And he ast my opinion about the biggest subjicks of the day."

Doggett got up with dignity and clumped, one shoe off and one shoe on, to the telephone. "That you, Peffesser Hardisson? About them cattle. Tell you what I'll do. I'll give you seven cents a pound on the hoof. That's over the market. And come and get 'em. Howzat strike you?" There was a silence and then Doggett said, "All right, peffesser, all right, all right," hung up, and came back to the table slowly. "He said to come around and see him. Said he didn't like to do business over the phone."

When Doggett came home the next night, his wife looked at his face and decided to say nothing about the deal in bulls. He dropped down before his supper and said:

"Well, I bought them cattle. Nine cent a pound. They ain't been sech a price paid for beef on the hoof in twenty year."

"But you got what you wanted. What you look so hangdog for?"

"Listen. While I was writin' out the check, he stops me and says: 'Mister Doggett, does the diffunce between seven and nine cents a pound mean fewer clothes and shoes for your fam'bly?' And I says: 'It comes down to that,

peffesser.' 'Well, then,' he says, 'Just you make out the check for what you think is right for all concerned. What a man ought to consider in any transaction is the value, not the price.' And then he says: 'No, don't write out your check now. Just think it over and send it to me later.' And when we tied up Caesar, the biggest bull, before we h'isted him into the truck, he comes up to the big boy and hugs his neck and smooths his head like he was his own son. It was the beatenest deal I ever was in."

"Well, what are you going to make out the check for?"

"I dunno. I got to think it over."

The next evening when Doggett sat down to his half-cold meal,

he had hardly taken a morsel when he burst out:

"In a trade a man likes to have a little contest. When a fellow puts it up to me to pay the right price, there ain't no satisfaction in the deal."

"Did you send Mr. Hardisson his check?" his wife said.

"Yep. And I was glad to get rid of thinkin' about it any more, too."

"What price?"

"Ten cents. Big profit in sight at that, too. Tell you what, Theda; I learned somethin' fum the peffesser. He give me more respect for my own business. Why, beef lies at the very foundation of civerlization. We got to putt us in some bookshelves this winter, Theda, I got to do some downright studyin'."



SNOW FLOWERS

A French lieutenant on duty at the Maginot line says: "If one gets near enough, one can hear the German machine guns sing. They have a sweet little *tic-tac*. And they send out a peculiar glimmer. This winter, in the snow, one could have believed that they were throwing out blue flowers." (From *le Populaire*, Paris.)

▲ *Americans should know more about
the revolution next door to them.*

MEXICO UNDER CÁRDENAS

BY NATHANIEL WEYL

ON December 1, 1940, General José Lázaro Cárdenas y del Río will cease to be President of Mexico. That date will mark the end of the most epochal years of Mexican history since Juarez. For in the six years of the Cárdenas administration there have occurred economic and social changes so profound and widespread that the period goes by the name of the "Cárdenas Revolution." Because it is next door to us, that revolution has not been seen whole or understood in the United States. We have been unable to view it as objectively as revolutions from which we are separated by oceans and continents.

In brief, Cárdenas has attempted to fulfill the promises made by every guerrilla revolutionary leader during the ten years of Mexico's civil war, 1910-1920. He has tried to carry out not only the letter but the spirit of those promises. And this attempt has affected Mexico's economic and political life irrevocably. It has marked a

long step towards a transformation from a semi-colonial, paternalistic, pre-industrial society to a more independent industrialized producing democracy. Its eventual character, both economic and political, is not yet clearly discernible, but its popular slogan, "Mexico for the Mexicans," has to a considerable degree been realized.

The Tarascan Indian, Lázaro Cárdenas, is a simple man. He has accumulated little book learning in the course of a peripatetic life. He is ignorant of the mysteries of the rediscount theories and would fall down in a debate on dialectic materialism. He is little concerned with the relation of his own ideas to the great ideologies that have stormed Europe. The fact that the Mexican death rate from diseases of the respiratory system is seven times that of the United States, because the bulk of his people are ill-clad, seems to him very important. Doctrines on indemnification for expropriated properties do not.

Cárdenas has a vast practical

knowledge of his country. He is a master of political maneuver. He identifies himself completely with the rural poor from whom he sprang and feels uncomfortable in the presence of diplomats and business men. He is personally honest, but in terms of the Mexican bureaucratic tradition it is inevitable that some of his close advisers should be thieves. Although Cárdenas was one of the youngest divisional generals in the Mexican Army, he is an outspoken pacifist with an almost pathological aversion to bloodshed. Although he is an ardent socialist, his enthusiasm is for cooperative control of industry, rather than for any rigid plan. His statements concerning Russian communism are all critical and for the most part derogatory. He has the anarchist's fear of a strong state and the maverick's terror of anything that smacks of dictatorship. Accordingly, Mexico today presents the unusual spectacle of increasing social control in industry without genuine planning or central economic authority. The public enterprises of Mexico run the gamut from workers' control to peasant management and outright government administration. In between, there is a bewildering variety of mixed types of economic control in which workers, peasants,

consumers and government all play a part. Cárdenas' attitude is experimental rather than messianic.

The dramatic highlights of the period of the Cárdenas Revolution have been oil expropriation, the rupture of diplomatic relations with England and the crushing of the Cédillo rebellion. Its undercurrents have been less spectacular but far more important. Land has been given to the peasants; cooperative farms are replacing almost feudalistic estates; workers' control of industry is being spurred; the mentality of the people is being changed through a bold educational program. Oil expropriation was merely an incident in this revolution. The petroleum companies had become, in the Mexican mind, symbolic obstacles to a vaguely defined "economic emancipation." The Mexican government was swept forward on a tidal wave of anger against "imperialist exploitation." The symbols of obstruction, the oil companies, naturally fell. Oil expropriation was followed by further nationalization of the country's railroad mileage. Various lands and factories belonging to foreigners have been reorganized as cooperatives without indemnity to former owners. The colossal Mexican debt remains in a chronic condition of default. Thus the casualty list of

the Cárdenas upheaval has been economic. Equities have been liquidated, not human beings.

II

The main achievement of the Cárdenas government is the agrarian reform program. Seventy per cent of Mexico is peasant. The average Mexican is an inarticulate and ragged peon who cultivates a small patch of arid land with a wooden plow or fire-hardened stick. He earns less than 20 cents a day, and is ravaged by easily preventable diseases. His world consists of a cluster of primitive villages, untouched by industrialization and modern science. A truncated Catholicism and the leftovers of age-old Indian polytheisms constitute his spiritual fodder. On the theory that the land should belong to those who work it, Cárdenas carved out 36,000,000 acres of land and turned it over to 813,000 peasant families between 1934 and 1939. Absentee *hacendados*, feudal Mexican overlords, and foreign land speculators who traced their titles back to the reckless days of Porfirio Díaz suffered.

Cárdenas soon discovered that land distribution alone wouldn't end rural distress, as long as farming methods were slipshod and tradi-

tion-bound. Accordingly, the big monocultural areas (such as cotton, henequen, sugar, rice, wheat, and coffee) are being transformed into cooperative farms with control vested jointly in government land banks and elected peasant delegates. The government sends agronomists into the wilderness to teach illiterate peasants the mysteries of crop rotation and pest eradication. In the Laguna cotton zone, the tractor is replacing the mule and new storage dams are being rushed to completion to increase the vagrant flow of irrigation water from the Aguanaval and Nazas rivers. The Mexican land banks lend the peasants money, build hydroelectric stations, conduct research into mule diseases, and carry on the inevitable Cárdenas crusade against the saloon.

The scope of democracy within the collective farm varies with the competence and education of the peasants. In La Laguna, where the Mexican peon is rapidly learning how to prepare simple financial statements, grade lint cotton and run gins, the government land bank is fading out of the picture and an elected central peasant committee is taking over. In Yucatán, on the other hand, a self-complacent bureaucracy is mismanaging the vast cooperative henequen

zone at a terrible cost to 30,000 Mayan Indians.

It is impossible to present a final balance sheet of the agrarian reform, for the picture is still obscured by the turmoil of transition. A few figures indicate the trend, but all verdicts must be tentative. In 1938, the collectivized farms reported per acre yields 10 to 77 percent above the national average in the four main crops of the country. The crop failures of 1938, which careless observers attributed to collectivization, were succeeded by bumper harvests. In the newest and most carefully planned of the agrarian cooperatives — the Lombardía and Nueva Italia rice region — the peasants earned as much as ten pesos (about \$1.70) a day in the second half of 1939, according to the latest report of the Federal Land Bank. This compared with a wage of 1.40 pesos under private management. In addition, the 2000 members of the cooperative paid interest on their debt to the government and set aside 24,000 pesos for their social fund. In the Mexicali cotton cooperative, average earnings rose from 2.75 pesos under hacienda management to 8.75 pesos in 1939.

Despite these optimistic reports, the path of Mexican agrarian reform has been strewn with ineffi-

ciency and bad faith. The coffee expropriation in Chiapas was incompetently planned and will probably turn out badly. Local politicians often plunder the collectives.

III

In industry, there has been a parallel movement toward socialized forms of control. Labor has a large say in the management of the expropriated oil trust. The National Railways of Mexico have been placed under trade union control. While the railroad workers' union has eliminated unnecessary overhead charges, it has lacked the courage to reduce the wages of its members, and the discipline of the railway personnel has been undermined. Labor control of industry has invaded textiles, shoe manufacture, mining, the printing trades, the paper mills, sugar refineries, bus, railroad and air transportation, and a dozen other fields. Even such humble groups as the salt gatherers of the Pacific Coast, the fishermen of Guaymas and the chicle gatherers of the malarial Quintana Roo jungles are cooperatively organized. These worker-cooperatives generally comprise the débris of the competitive industrial system. Derelict plants go into bankruptcy or

refuse to pay absurdly low minimum wages. The courts solve the problem by turning the factories over to their workers. The result is that the bulk of the producer-cooperatives are dependent on government credit for existence.

This socialized sector of the Mexican economy accounts for perhaps 20 to 35 per cent of the nation's production. It is linked together by a series of government purchasing organizations, a federal warehouse system and an intricate apparatus to prevent profiteering in basic foodstuffs. The cooperative farms are branching out to form consumer cooperatives and socialized medicine projects.

The impetus to this vast, pacific reorganization comes from 22,000 rural schoolteachers scattered over the immensity of peasant Mexico. The views of these teachers are mostly socialist. Their manifold duties include organizing trade unions, stirring up peasants to demand land from the *hacendados*, forming cooperatives, replacing lethal sewage systems, and weaning the peasantry away from its disastrous reliance on maize crops. Under Cárdenas, the attempt to educate the peasantry in atheism, which resulted in the murder of several hundred schoolteachers by enraged peasants, has gone by the

board. Mexican politicians no longer win sinecures by attacking the priesthood.

The radical Mexican labor code is being conscientiously enforced for the first time in history. A few years ago, the Mexican Supreme Court calmly threw the traditional theory of a classless judiciary out of the window. Cárdenas shocked Monterrey business men in 1935 with the observation that Mexican law must consciously favor the weaker side in all economic conflicts. In terms of this philosophy, the President organizes peasant leagues and exhorts bickering trade union groups to unite in order to defend the interests of their class.

This is the Cárdenas revolution. What comes next depends not so much on the new president — both candidates are middle-of-the-roaders — as on outside factors. And the most decisive factor is what happens in the United States. The November election here will be as crucial to Mexico as her own. For Uncle Sam is able to bring overwhelming economic pressure to bear on any administration or policy. The fate of the Mexican revolution is haunted by ghosts — the ghosts of Madero, Huerta, and Pancho Villa testifying that Mexico's kingmakers sometimes live in the White House.

GLASS MAGIC

By J. D. RATCLIFF

NEGLECTIBLE twenty years ago, industrial research is our fastest-growing profession. This year, alert American manufacturers will spend \$180,000,000 in 1800 laboratories to discover new methods of making their products better and more abundant. In every great industry, research pioneers — mostly anonymous — are devising new twists for the recalcitrant stuffs of nature, extending the frontiers of use and beauty, lowering prices for the consumer, and creating more jobs for labor.

Tucked away in the rolling hills of upper New York is the Corning Glass Company. At Corning, the word "research" means two things: first, scientific investigation, in which men spend their lives ferreting out the basic secrets of glass; second, the practical engineering field, where these discoveries are geared to the needs of industry. In vast, rambling rooms, amid salt baths and hissing rotary molds, labor 175 scientists. There is singularly little regimentation in the Corning laboratories; to a con-

siderable degree, each man selects some problem that particularly fascinates him and concentrates on it.

Corning's scientists have made glass magnificently versatile. They have fused combinations of sand, soda, lime, borax, lead and other substances to produce over 25,000 variations of glass. They have made glass bolts and nuts, to be used where acids would eat iron. They have made dishes that will not break when filled with molten iron; drinking-glasses that bounce unharmed when dropped on tile floors. Corning has spun filaments so fine that a one-pound batch would stretch around the earth; and has poured the world's biggest chunk of glass — the twenty-ton, 200-inch reflector for the Mt. Palomar telescope.

The gigantic Corning plant itself at first glance resembles a corner of hell. Yet here the raw materials of glass are mixed by laboratory formulas more precise than any medical prescription, and fed into gas-fuelled furnaces. In a

cherry-red flood the "cooked" glass spills out into moulds; still hot, it is stamped into baking dishes and auto headlights by huge merry-go-round presses. Handworkers fabricate glass so beautiful it is included in museum collections; an automatic machine turns out corrosion-proof insulin ampoules by the million. But whatever the process, whatever the product, it roots inevitably back to research.

Corning always made glass; good glass, judged by traditional standards. Back in 1875, the little company had a line of lamp-chimneys and tubing and "blanks" to be ground into cut-glass vases and bowls. Its industrial research history began in 1908 when Dr. Eugene C. Sullivan was engaged to set up a laboratory. The first problem put before the young scientist was to develop for railway trainmen a lantern globe which wouldn't break in the rain. A brutally tough glass finally emerged.

Few sights are more familiar than the signal lights that gleam along the railroad, the same beautiful red, yellow or green wherever we may be. It was not always so. Years ago, the railroads came to Corning saying, "We have thirty-two shades of green. Some of our yellows look red in murky weather; more dangerous, some of our red lights actually look

yellow. Try and straighten this out." Corning determined by test the most readily distinguished red, green and yellow. The resulting color standards were adopted by all American and many foreign railroads.

One day a Corning research man sawed the top off a glass battery jar and ground down its rough edges. That night he took the shallow base home, and asked his wife to bake a cake in it. The improvised baking dish didn't break, and there was excitement in the laboratory next morning. Other researchers began juggling glass formulas and subjecting the product to severe temperatures. Finally, a glass that would resist punishing heat was perfected. Under the name of Pyrex, it has gone into millions of ovens, bringing new beauty to the kitchen and heat-saving efficiency to cooking.

Corning men blew Edison's first light-bulbs in the old-fashioned way, one at a time. When it became apparent that the world wanted bulbs by the billion, research men began to devise machinery to make them better, faster, cheaper. The result is a monstrous engine that goes at too fast a clip to be followed by the eye, producing several hundred bubbles of glass per minute. It has helped reduce the cost of

a sixty-watt bulb from \$1.75 in 1907 to 15 cents today.

II

When the World War cut off our supply of technical glassware, imported from Germany, Corning research men set out to develop a new line of beakers, retorts, and test-tubes. Eminence in this field got them the job of making one of the most intricate pieces of glass apparatus ever constructed: the perfusion pump of Dr. Alexis Carrel and Charles A. Lindbergh which effectively duplicates the action of the human heart. The country's supply of clinical thermometer-tubing is made at Corning by an ingenious method. Previously, tubing was drawn by hand along a horizontal track. It sagged; quality was uneven. Corning built a 216-foot tower that looks strikingly like the Washington Monument. A chunk of molten glass the size of a punching bag is fixed to the bottom of the tower and a hoist draws it quickly upward. The result is a continuous piece of fine tubing well over 100 feet long. The inside bore is of uniform size — one-third the diameter of a hair.

Corning's new "shrunk" glass is the greatest achievement in glass technology. It is a low-cost dupli-

cate of fused quartz. Fused quartz has been indispensable in the making of various scientific instruments. It is water-clear, permits passage of certain rays that glass stops, and withstands enormously high temperatures. But because it is so costly to melt quartz in electric furnaces, it costs twenty-five times as much as the best glass. In attempting to make a glass to do the same job, Corning research men went through the heartbreak of repeated failures. They tried and abandoned 600 glass formulas. Months passed and the money expended on this dismal day-dream mounted to a quarter of a million dollars. The management decided to scrap the project. "Give us a little more time," the scientists begged. They got their reprieve. Like Ehrlich on his magnificent trek through the arsenic compounds which led to the discovery of syphilis-killing 606, they plowed on. Glass No. 790 finally appeared — a material entirely new to the world, 96 per cent pure silica.

Industrialists come to Corning with varied problems. A ginger-ale maker, desiring to ensure the purity of his product, wanted a glass pipe-line running through his factory. The pipe had to be transparent so that he could inspect

every inch of it daily, and strong enough to be taken down every night and washed with scalding steam. Corning fabricated a special heat-resistant, shatter-proof glass pipe, now widely used in breweries and in chemical plants.

New problems arise and are disposed of with almost monotonous regularity. Surgeons complain of neck burns from overhead lights in operating rooms. The research men evolve a glass which lets little heat through. Welders want goggles which will cut out eye-damaging light-bands beyond the visible spectrum. The research men oblige. Dr. Chevalier Jackson needed a minuscule light-bulb for his bronchoscope, with which he fishes for foreign objects accidentally sucked down the throat. A bulb no larger than a grain of wheat was designed. Another doctor wanted a glass boot to fit over gangrenous legs; alternate pressure and vacuum inside the boot stimulates blood vessels and hastens mending. Corning came through again, with a contraption which saves many legs from amputation.

The discovery of Steuben glass was a combination of chance and imagination. Medical men wanted a glass for transmission of ultra-violet light. An absolutely new method of glass-making had to be

devised, in order to make such a material economically possible. After months of experimenting, an unbelievably clear glass, flawless and pure, was produced. Developed for medical science, this super-transparent glass has likewise become a perfect medium for artistic expression. Examples of Steuben glassware have passed the sacred portals of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Corning research has developed especially efficient glass insulators for the coast-to-coast telephone line. Conserving electric energy, these insulators have helped to improve the service and bring down the cost of long-distance calls. At Berkeley, California, a group of young scientists are experimenting with a huge atom-smasher, called the cyclotron, which has already transformed platinum into gold and has given off more radioactive particles than the world's entire supply of radium. The cyclotron could not function without two insulators of special glass, created by Corning after other materials had failed under heat and the shock of such high voltage. Glass fibre is another proud and very practical Corning achievement. Nearly fifteen times as fine

as human hair, this new material, thirty-five million miles of it a year, is being oozed out of invisible nozzles. Some of it is woven into dresses and curtains, some of it into electrical insulation, but most of it goes into the walls of homes.

Splendid achievements, you say, but aren't research triumphs inevitably linked with unemployment? It hasn't worked that way in the glass industry. Man-hours required to make a piece of plate glass have declined 80 per cent in twenty-five years. Prices have dropped 60 per cent. Increased consumption accompanying lower prices has put 30 per cent more men to work at 50 per cent higher wages. The average annual wage in the glass industry is now \$1300 as against the average in all industries of \$1100. At Corning, during the depression, over three millions have been invested in new buildings and equipment; and despite new automatic machinery, employment has risen steadily. This is true of glass manufacturing as a whole; in 1939, this 400-million-dollar industry employed 13 per cent more people than in 1929.

Amory Houghton, forty, great-grandson of the Corning founder, son of the former Ambassador to Great Britain, and present head of the business, feels that research

should go at an ever-accelerating pace. He sees the glass researcher's skill utilized to build a shiny new world. He foresees houses built of glass bricks and partitioned with glass-bubble slabs which may be sawed and nailed; furnished with glass tables and chairs and draped with glass textiles; equipped with windows which permit light to enter but none to escape — thereby maintaining privacy in a sunlit room. He envisions automobiles insulated with glass wool, using glass spark plugs and running on roads paved with glass blocks; piping and plumbing fixtures made of glass; and a malleable glass which can be worked on machine-shop lathes.

Research scientists are cautious, but even the most conservative say that there is no limit to the future uses of glass; all agree that research in glass will never be concluded. As Corning's veteran research chief, Dr. E. C. Sullivan, puts it: "In glass, not even the easy things have been done. And help is needed from those who like to do the hard things. Tomorrow's better world lies just beyond today's frontiers of research. To young technologists, to workers in science generally, I suggest the field of glass research as attractive, exciting, and worthy of any scientist's devotion."

THE STATE OF THE UNION

America in the War Zone

NEUTRALITY: America is living a lie. That lie is neutrality. All the genuinely neutral Americans, honestly indifferent to the outcome of the second world war, could be put into Madison Square Garden, with seats to spare. Even our sincerest ostrich-isolationists dread a totalitarian victory. The day-to-day mood of America runs parallel with the moods of the British and French people — fluctuating between hope and despair with the news from the fighting fronts. Our stock markets, our sense of national security, our yearning for a safe and sane world all take nose-dives every time Hitler wins a round and revive again when he seems checked.

That's the truth transcending the formal pretense of impartiality. When radio commentators and editorial writers and the man in the elevator remark that "the news is more encouraging today," not even Colonel Lindbergh or Professor Beard will imagine they refer to another successful *blitz*-stroke by the Nazis. When an average Ameri-

can declares he is "optimistic" or "pessimistic" about the way the war is going, no one misunderstands the implication of natural, instinctive partisanship for the Allies.

A few in our midst profess shrilly that the struggle does not concern America. "A falling out among imperialist thieves . . . the Yanks are not coming . . . what about the British in Ireland and India?" With negligible exceptions, these professions cover a passionate partisanship for the Hitler-Stalin-Mussolini combine. It is no accident that the one Congressman who voted against the enlarged national defense program, Mr. Marcantonio, is lined up with the communist Yanks-are-not-coming outfits and runs with the Stalin pack in all other things; that our most publicized isolationist sports a Hitler medal; that so many of the loudest declaimers against "meddling" did meddle to the extent of applauding the rape of Finland.

We repeat: America is living a lie — neutrality. In the measure that this is useful as a legalistic

stratagem there can be no objection. Russia and Italy used the same technical dodge — but it did not stop them from delivering open and effective aid to their Nazi partner. On the contrary, they used their neutrality as a tool for helping Hitler — by running the blockade for him, giving him secret naval bases, and doing his propaganda.

In so far as American neutrality is make-believe, it fools nobody, least of all the Nazis. In so far as it is genuine, it gives aid and comfort to the enemy. We must break through the paralyzing lie — not by dropping our technical neutrality, but by exploiting it candidly to the limit to help defeat the totalitarians. Every hole through which American resources reach Germany must be plugged. Our immense surplus of foodstuffs must be made instantly available for the Allied armies, people and refugees. Every airplane, gun, tank, ambulance and other war instrument or accessory not absolutely indispensable at home must be delivered now to the countries now fighting America's fight. Totalitarian propaganda in our midst must be squelched as relentlessly as we would squelch a typhus epidemic or poison-gas barrage.

Drastic as all this sounds, it will be the most profitable investment the country has ever made — be-

cause only the defeat of the totalitarians can guarantee America against involvement in the war.

MILITARY TRAINING: In 1917 we swung from the extreme of voluntary enlistment to the extreme of a universal draft. We tried to train an army of millions in a few months and made a sad mess of the job. Raw, half-trained, bewildered boys were herded on transports and rushed into battle against seasoned fighters. Only a providential armistice saved hundreds of thousands of our amateur soldiers from slaughter in the unequal match. It requires no military specialist to recognize that one man trained at leisure is worth a score put through speeded-up preparation under pressure; and simple arithmetic provides the moral — that nineteen of the score thus unprepared are condemned to death by lack of intelligent foresight. It's the difference between producing soldiers and corraling cannon fodder.

Yet we have done nothing to remedy the situation. Our four-billion dollar defense program, undertaken with the almost unanimous approval of the country, is an admission that we accept large-scale war as at least an ultimate possibility. Under the circumstances it is a stupid blunder to wait until the

fire starts to begin training the firemen.

The notion that there is something peculiarly "undemocratic" about systematic and universal military training was propagated in England because that country — until the present war — felt itself amply protected by its fleet. It flourished in the United States because we felt ourselves amply protected by two oceans. But intrinsically universal military training is no less democratic than universal elementary education or universal enforcement of basic hygienic rules. France was no less democratic by reason of its system of universal service than the British Isles with voluntary enlistments.

The United States must in the long run adopt some type of general military training. It is the inevitable corollary of the national security policy on which we have embarked. The sooner it is instituted, therefore, the better. At least a million men should be enrolled and trained immediately — and beyond that, a system of universal preparation of manpower should be put quickly into effect.

ALIIENS AS SCAPEGOATS: The foreign-born in our country cannot be compared with aliens in European countries. They are not

visitors but immigrants, settlers, refugees from persecution or economic despair. The last shipload of immigrants escaping from a Czar or a Hitler, seeking a new beginning, are as much pioneers as that shipload on the Mayflower. The physical circumstances have altered but the moral driving power is the same; it has been a constant in the changing history of this nation of transplanted Europeans.

Indeed, there is no group in this country more devoted to the American idea — that amorphous but real idea of freedom and equality and opportunity — than our foreign-born. Having *chosen* America, being able to contrast it with lands from which they *fled*, they do not, like so many old-line Americans, take the country for granted. They have the fervor of converts, and America remains for them forever glamorous. This is as true of the lowly artisan who, through inertia or cultural backwardness, has failed to become naturalized as it is of the educated naturalized American holding a respected position in the national life. We are not talking about external forms but about inner realities.

These obvious truths need repeating at the moment because there is a real danger that aliens as a group may be made the scape-

goats of the national alarm over the activities of foreign agents. Unquestionably there are Trojan Horsemen and Fifth Columnists among the aliens in America — but they are to be found, no less, among native Americans. A handful of Germans (not all foreign-born either) have attracted the most attention through their Bund antics. But they are as pebbles against the Rockies compared with our own Nazis — under a variety of indigenuous labels — and our own Nazi-minded. The most obvious fact about the communist fellow-travelers is the prominence of native Americans among their leaders and stooges. Hitler and Stalin are finding enthusiastic tools and buying others in all strata of American society, including the aliens. But the most effective disseminators of communazi doctrines have been the Browders, Coughlins, Pelleys, Winrods, through their Ku Klux Klans, Silver Shirts, Black Legions, Vindicators, etc. It is among these that the Hitler-Stalin recruiting agents have found their most useful creatures in America.

There is about as much sense in singling out the aliens for fingerprinting and registration as there would be in singling out the left-handed or the brown-haired. The

temptation, in a time of strained nerves, is for the country to pick on some helpless minority and crucify it in symbolic vengeance. Already Congress has yielded to that temptation, and the process can easily degenerate into know-nothing persecution. The real Trojan Horsemen, the real Fifth Columnists will be well pleased. Registration will worry a few million innocent aliens, will make them feel suddenly and bewilderingly suspected, tagged. But it certainly will not interfere with the work of the guilty; if anything, anti-alien hysteria will only serve to divert attention from their machinations.

Curiously, leaders of groups which are blatantly un-American in their views, often openly espousing totalitarian causes, are at the head of the pack in hunting aliens. Men like Senator Reynolds of North Carolina, darling of the Nazi Bund, are typical of the alien-haters and alien-baiters. But maybe it isn't curious — the "Stop thief!" trick is old as the hills. Congress, the Administration, the American people should beware of that trick. We don't need scapegoats. We need genuine, level-headed, open-eyed and unprejudiced protection.

— EUGENE LYONS

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

THE urge to confess strikes the Fonza S. Headleys and achieves publication in the distinguished *Chilton County News*:

I have 2 boys married; they have 2 girls apiece. I have 2 girls married, which has three. I have 2 boys in the Army, and one in the CCC; one boy that wants to be. 2 girls at home with me; 2 grandchildren lie asleep. In all, how many that be?

Now if you are done, you find wife and me make 21; 2 daughters-in-law, nice and kind; 2 sons-in-law, not far behind. I am 47, my wife is 49. We live south of M. & O. Dixie Line.

I learn a lesson, from this true confession; how you love and cheer one another, for we want to be your sister and brother.

CALIFORNIA

LEGISLATORS will be Solons in San Bernardino, the *Independent* proves:

Councilman Leon Atwood of the second ward may or may not spend more time at his Yucaipa ranch than in his ward as some residents charge, but none can deny he finds means of enlivening the meetings of the otherwise august city fathers. Leon's latest was to crawl under the council table when Councilman George Shafer of the third ward was speaking and set fire to Shafer's shoe laces. Atwood howled with laughter.

FROM Pasadena, by way of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, comes additional proof of the resourcefulness of Californians:

With the bangtailed ponies having shaken the rich dust of Santa Anita from their feet, guests at Pasadena's exclusive Vista del Arroyo Hotel were at a loss for entertainment on which they could wager a bob or two, until someone thought up a toad derby.

The derby was held yesterday in the hotel lobby with 20 horned toads named after famous race horses facing the barrier and primed to go a gruelling distance of 25 feet.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

CONGRESSMAN Bolles felicitates the Federal Trade Commission *via* the *Congressional Record*:

Mr. BOLLES. Mr. Speaker, in this 1 minute allotted to me in the moving eons of this world I may be able to bear to you my colleagues a great message of hope. Great Homer died, Virgil passed from earthly scenes, Cato and the Caesars turned to clay without knowing how long spaghetti should be in order to be good food. Now into this chaotic scene, where over the centuries the controversy has continued concerning the span of spaghetti, we have had a decision from one of those bureaus where the act of man becomes the act of God. Mr. Speaker, this great international question has been settled by our marvelous Federal Trade Commission. Thousands of people, aye mil-

lions, from Booraboola Gha to the Alento have waited with bated breath for this decision. I insert here the Federal Trade Commission report on this most vital and attention-demanding subject of how long spaghetti should be. [*Commission's report is cited in full.*]

Oh, Mr. Speaker, this is epical as well as epochal. Can you, with your magnificent background of sun and prairie, picture the disastrous effect on Hereford cattle and on durum wheat growers of the Dakotas if the Federal Trade Commission, after months of deep deliberation, delving into historical tomes and the chronicles of Froisart and foods for a starving world, had decided that spaghetti, in order to be edible, should be 20 inches long? God save Mussolini.

MINNESOTA

A BIOLOGICAL note culled from the political columns of the St. Paul *Dispatch*, reporting an interview with Mrs. Ruth Hanna Simms on candidate Dewey:

One of the handicaps under which he labored at the start — his youth — “is rapidly disappearing,” Mrs. Simms went on.

NEBRASKA

GENEALOGICAL researches of the Kearney *Daily Hub*:

FINIS Barney, Elmcreek, has called attention to the fact his father gave

him that name, with the understanding he was to be the last child in the family. However a brother, the late Frank Appendix Barney, came after Finis.

NEW YORK

A TRIUMPH for specialization is revealed in an advertisement in the New York *Cue*:

YOUR DOG'S HOROSCOPE. Send date of his birth and know your own dog better. Price \$1. “Dog Horoscopes,” P.O. Box 209, White Plains, N. Y.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS

FRANCE

THE conservative Paris *L'Ordre* comments on religion:

From his earliest youth, Roger Chartier showed a curious propensity toward sadism. At seventeen, while still under age, he enlisted in the army. After his discharge, he entered a theological seminary.

A PLEA for national security in an advertisement in *Paris-Soir*:

One of the most important rules to be observed during the present war crisis is to keep the nails soft. Soak them daily in a mixture of oil, vinegar and lemon juice, to which some boric acid has been added.

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those which are not used cannot be returned.)

DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

Consider the Frog

IT is very easy for a man to forget, while he listens to the terrible voice of his radio reciting Europe's destruction or reads in the newspaper the latest manifestation of domestic chicanery, that in this time of blood-spilling and political chaos and despair the elemental life of earth goes on as usual. It is hard to remember that the cumulus clouds still sail high in the sky, unmoved from their course by the thunder of cannon, and that, though peoples be shelled out of existence, the wind still blows and calms in its customary fashion, the maples still thrust their taproots into the earth and raise their leaves to the sun, the hairless luna caterpillar still metamorphoses by its ancient alchemy into an eye-winged moth.

It is good for a man to remind himself of things like this — that there are venerable stabilities which the insanities of dictators are not able to overthrow. It is good for instance, just to shut off the radio for a while, throw away the newspaper, and go out into the warm

darkness of a country night and listen to the frogs. The bullfrogs are breeding now, and in millponds and bayous, in the damp, hot dusk, there is a deep-throated chorus that comes from thousands of resonating vocal sacs. Frogs will be croaking and mating and feeding when Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin have been dust for many a millennium. It is good for a man to shift his attention for a while to something as permanent as a frog.

It is early in spring, when the first bloodroots are blossoming and shadblow has just come into flower, that the frog emerges from its winter torpor. Since early the previous fall it has been hibernating in a hidden place — the leopard frogs and green frogs buried deep in the soft bottom-mud of creek or pond, the wood-frogs concealed in interstices of rotting stumps and lichened fallen logs — and during all the time of cold the sluggish frog-blood has scarcely circulated, the frog scarcely stirred in its deep sleep. In the spring, thawed by the returning sun, it issues forth, ready

once more to hunt the creek banks, alone in the shade and breed.

The universe into which the frog comes in the spring is made known to it chiefly in four ways: by sight and sound and smell, and by a subtle sensitivity to light and touch. On either side of the frog's head is a protruding eye, its rotation controlled by six muscles, its lens tremendous and nearly spherical. The eye is so fashioned that the frog's perception of stationary objects is not extremely keen, but there is immediate awareness of any kind of movement. The stir of a cricket, the dart of a dragon-fly, the slow, soundless progress of an earthworm through the grass — these things the frog's great protruding eyes immediately register. So bulbous are the eyes that they would soon suffer accident were it not that the frog can retract them at will into their sockets, and that the two eyelids are supplemented by a third, a nictitating membrane. As the frog hops along a creek-bank in the spring sun, or floats half-submerged in the green-scummed water, the eyes are periodically protruded in search of prey and withdrawn at any passing danger.

The frog has no external ear wherewith to hear the movement of prey or the coming of an enemy, but behind each of its bulging eyes

there is a broad tympanic membrane. Inside the auditory capsule there lies an inner ear, supplied by branches of the auditory nerve. As the tympanic membrane vibrates, waves of sound travel to this inner ear by a rod, the columella, and there is transmitted to the frog's small, convoluted brain an awareness of sound-sensation. Under water, the frog hears much as a fish does: the sound-waves travelling in the water are communicated directly to its inner ear.

By awareness of movement, of tympanic vibration, and of scents received in its nasal cavities and communicated by olfactory nerves, the frog is equipped to apprehend its small, wet universe. Its fourth equipment — a delicate sensitivity to light — is not less important than these. The frog's body, like a garden slug's, is naked. Its cold, green skin is filmed by a thin covering of mucus, which restricts evaporation. It is on this account that frogs must live in damp places or near ponds and streams where they can readily immerse themselves; for without a constantly moist atmosphere or periodical ablution their skins would quickly dry and they would perish. Even the small red-brown wood-frogs that visit streams only in the spring at egg-laying time, and during the

rest of the year are forest-dwellers, pass most of their time in the damp leaf-mold and the humid interior of decaying stumps. A frog's sensitivity to light is as essential to its survival as sight and scent and hearing; it is what impels it to withdraw from summer sunlight into shade or immerse itself in a pool.

II

With four major equipments, then — and one cannot say what others, for many an aspect of frogs' lives, such as the function of certain structures in their mouths, is still not surely known — the frog goes forth to pond and creek-bank in the spring. The foods it seeks are such lesser fellow-haunters of watersides and marshes as worms, midges, spiders, and water-skaters; the frog waits immobile, in the shelter of a leaf or tussock, for these to come near. When one does, the frog darts out its tongue. A frog's tongue is not rooted to the back of its mouth, as are most vertebrates', but to the front; the frog can hurl it forth full-length, and the movement is quick as the flutter of a hummingbird's wing. The tongue is sticky; at a touch it adheres firmly to the body of whatever minute creeping or flying creature it has struck. An instant after con-

tact has been made, the frog draws in its tongue again, and squirming prey is gripped by the conical teeth of the frog's upper jaw. In a minute or two, convulsively, the frog swallows. If the prey is large, or kicks, the frog raises its adroit little forelegs and pushes vigorously to stuff the victim in.

That is the way the frog feeds. The way of perpetuating its kind is this: Down from the female's ovaries, in the spring, there pass through the oviducts a quantity of eggs — as many, it may be, as five or six thousand. The female stores them for a little time in her elastic uterus; and then, when the water of pond or brook is at proper temperature, she voids them. The eggs are in a mass, adherent to vegetation in the water. The male frog comes to this egg-mass and fertilizes it by pouring over it a flood of spermatozoa. After fertilization, the jelly which surrounds the eggs swells and grows in bulk, that the developing embryos may be protected from injury.

Out of an egg, presently, a tadpole comes. It is a long-tailed creature, wholly water-dwelling. It has external gills, vestigial tiny cilia which as an embryo it used for effecting movement within the egg, and fine teeth wherewith it can scrape nourishment from the algae

and water-weeds when it has used up the yolk in its alimentary canal. Fish-like, with wriggings of its long tail, it moves along the mud of the pond or stream which was its birthplace. In time — the period varies among the frog-species — the tadpole forms four pairs of internal gills; the tuft-like outer gills vanish, and the inner ones wholly take their place. The tadpole now takes in water through its mouth and passes it out again through its gill-slits and through the opening, the spiracle, on the left side of its body. Other changes in its habits and appearance quickly take place. On the hind part of its soft, slippery body there appear in miniature the hind-legs of a frog. They grow quickly, developing powerful muscles, and the tadpole acquires the art of swimming with them. A little later forelegs burgeon, the small, delicate forelegs, with feet like little hands, that the adult frog is going to use for stuffing too-active prey into its broad mouth. The tadpole's tail is growing very short now. It is being resorbed into its body. Resorbed, too, are the four pairs of internal gills, and forming in their place are the pear-shaped elastic lungs with which, as well as through its skin, a grown frog breathes. Only a little longer and the metamorphosis is complete;

the tadpole is ready to take its place in the company of frogs. It is ready to sit on the brook-bank in the shade of a skunk-cabbage leaf, hour after hour, watchful for fly or spider to be trapped by its sticky tongue, and — forcing air out of its lungs and into its mouth and back again — to emit the sonorous croaking which is its curious music.

A frog has many enemies. It does not often die of age. The yellow-eyed herons, wading the shallow water, are alert to spear its fat green body with their great beaks. The slow turtles, almost invisible in the bottom-mud, are enemies; so are snakes, and sometimes larger frogs, and of course always man, who devours a quarter-million pounds of frog-legs every year. A frog does not die quietly. When it has been seized by a mottled water-snake, and is kicking and wriggling in the grip of the cold-fleshed jaws, a frog does something that it does at no other time in its life. Shrilly and piercingly, it screams.

Such is the life-story of frogs. It bears no relation, that I can see, to the international situation or the question of fascism. But frogs will be croaking and hunting and dozing in the summer shade long after the present international situation has been succeeded by another and probably a worse one.

THE LIBRARY

Regional Literature

BY BURTON RASCOE

A FEW years ago Donald G. Davidson of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, held up his right hand, for all the world like De Lawd in *Green Pastures*, and commanded: "Let there be some regional! Let there be some Southern agrarian regional literature!" And lo! and behold, and by golly, there came a flood of regional literature, and particularly of Southern agrarian regional literature, upon the land. Publishers, book reviewers, booksellers, rental libraries and the public were up to their eyebrows in it. Several publishing houses sank beneath the waves. The shelves of the circulating libraries were groaning with heavy books which customers said they had been trying every night for a week to read and couldn't get past page five. Many book reviewers, having had an equally hard time to get past page five, had used the descriptives, "saga of the soil," "profoundly moving epic of the frontier" for so many books they

couldn't read that they were beginning to have nightmares and talk in their sleep.

It is significant that by and large the non-fiction books of regional literature have been more entertaining as well as more informative than the regional fiction. The American Rivers series, published by Farrar & Rinehart, first edited by the late Constance Lindsay Skinner and now edited by Stephen Vincent Benét and Carl Carmer, has contained nine books, so far; they are all almost uniformly good — easy to read, carefully documented and combining unusual history of the country with contemporary travel description and observation. Rivers so far treated in the series are: *The Kennebec*, by Robert Tristram Coffin; *Upper Mississippi*, by Walter Havinghurst; *Suwanee*, by Cecile Hulse Matschat; *Powder River* by Struthers Burt; *The James*, by Blair Niles; *The Hudson*, by Carl Carmer; *The Sacramento*, by Julian

Dana; *The Wabash*, by William E. Wilson; and the latest, *The Arkansas*, by Clyde Brion Davis. Each of them is illustrated; each of them is rich in local folk-lore, including the tall tales of each region, local legends as well as local history and dialect stories. They are not dry-as-dust; far from it. For instance, the Davis book gives you exciting stories about a lot of things from Silver Dollar Tabor and Cripple Creek down through the wild days of Dodge City, Kansas, down through the settlement of Oklahoma, the lawless years of Arkansas and the legends of the river's end at the Mississippi.

Another fine achievement is the American Exploration and Travel Series, published by the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma: a sort of companion group to that University's famous Civilization and the American Indian series. Although some of the volumes in this series are less lively than others, because of the varying abilities of the authors to dramatize their material and also because the material of some is inherently less dramatic than that of others, each one is a valuable contribution to American history, a lot of it from historical research that has not got into book form before.

To me the most thrilling of all

of these books, to date, is *Tixier's Travels on the Osage Prairies*, just published as Vol. 14 in the American Exploration and Travel Series. It is, in fact, the most thrilling book I have read in months. It is a translation by Albert Salvan, for the first time into English, of a book edited by John Francis McDermott and obscurely published at Clermont-Ferrand in France in 1844. How this book has escaped the attention of the world all these years is a mystery; for Victor Tixier was an astonishing young man and one of the best literary artists it is possible to imagine — fluid, imaginative, observant, erudite, quick to learn, versatile and full of the spirit of adventure. Moreover, he was an excellent artist; the illustrations in this book are his own free line drawings. It is interesting to note, by the way, that Victor Tixier's son is still living.

Although neither the editor nor the translator says anything about it, I think it is safe to assume that young Victor Tixier came to America under a romantic impulse, impelled by reading Chateaubriand's famous *Les Natchez* and *Atala*, novels which set literary circles by the ears in France in the first decade of the Nineteenth Century and ushered in the Romantic

movement in French literature. I deduce that Tixier's explorations were almost exclusively from a romantic impulse because nowhere does he indicate that he came over, like other French and Spanish explorers, for the purpose of trading with the Indians or seeking a fortune, and he seems always to have paid his way, although suffering great hardships at times, without even trying to profit by the extraordinary knowledge of Indian life he acquired. He learned Osage and several Osage dialects. Osage is a very difficult language for Europeans: it is a language poor in nouns but rich in endings which modify or change their meanings; it is "sung" in a slow, harmonious tone, with a slow delivery between syllables; and the same word may have many meanings, which depend upon how it is said. It is remarkable that this young Frenchman could make his way not only among the Osages but also among the even more nomadic plains Indians, such as the Kansa, the Pawnees, Comanches and Apaches, all of whom lived more by war, making raids on whites and other Indian tribes, than by agriculture.

So detailed and exact are Tixier's observations of Indian languages and customs, and of the settlements

of whites, the physical nature of the country over which he traveled from New Orleans up through Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas and Oklahoma (or rather the territory that later became those states) and back down to the great trading post of St. Louis, that scholars have not found it necessary to correct him in footnotes except in rare instances. His was a more daring trip than Francis Parkman's in *The Oregon Trail* and, for my money, his is a better written book of adventure. I cannot recommend this book more highly than that.

And so, for all its faults and excesses and occasional puerilities, the impulse that has produced the floods of regional literature does net us much exciting reading, and even more healthy awareness of our soil and our roots.

THE CHECK LIST

FICTION

BEFORE LUNCH, by Angela Thirkell. \$2.50. *Knopf*. A bright, witty, entertaining novel of country life in England by the author of "The Brandons." There is a grand old gal in it, the Honorable Miss Starter, who provides most of the quips.

THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER, by Carson McCullers. \$2.50. *Houghton, Mifflin*. Grim realism in a Southern mill town, involving a Negro doctor, a café owner,

a labor agitator and a young girl. A first novel that is more than "promising"; it is unusually skillful, mature and moving.

AN OZARK ANTHOLOGY, by Vance Randolph. \$2.50. *Caxton Printers*. An anthology of stories of the Ozarks and the Ozark people by fifteen writers, including MacKinlay Kantor, Rose Wilder Lane, George Milburn, Nancy Clemens, Thomas Hart Benton and that other Sage of the Ozarks (besides the compiler) Charles J. Finger. It is to be regretted that Vance Randolph omitted from the anthology — good as it is — any story of his own; for he not only knows the Ozarks but is himself a fine writer who has interpreted the Ozark people in several books. Whatever John Steinbeck may say, there were no Ozark people among his Joads: the Ozark people may not seem to live well to people who shoot by them on trains or in cars going sixty miles an hour and see only the unpainted walls of their cabins, shacks or houses; but they eat better, live better and have more independent and productive lives than many city folk. The Ozark Mountain people may seem pitiable to city folk; but God help you if you try to pity them: they pity you in the first place, even if you are wearing a mink coat and diamonds. Vance Randolph knows these people and chooses to live among them, so they must have accepted him long ago as having some sense and as being all right. He has got together some good stories by others who know the Ozarks.

AFTERGROWTH AND OTHER STORIES, by Hyyim Nahman Bialik. Translated by I. M. Lask. \$2.50. *Jewish Publication Society*. No less interesting than the stories themselves is the critical and biographical memoir which Mr. Lask has written to introduce the work of Bialik to English readers. Bialik, who wrote in modern Hebrew and for twenty-five years was poet laureate of the Jewish people, was born in the Ukraine in 1873 and died in Vienna in 1934. In the memoir, Mr. Lask includes translations in verse of some of Bialik's poems, and each of

these, even in translation, is touched with beauty. Mr. Lask, who translated Agnon's masterpiece, *The Bridal Canopy*, has again made his translation read like original composition.

NON-FICTION

LILLIAN RUSSELL, *The Era of Plush*, by Parker Morell. \$3.00. *Random House*. Illustrated (in a way to make you bust your sides laughing). If ever there was an American success story, this is it, and Morell has told it with gusto and humor as well as strict fidelity to the known facts. Daughter of a man-hating feminist crusader and harridan, Lillian got tired of her mother's tirades and ran away. Somebody told her she was good-looking and had a voice and ought to go on the stage. She hadn't any voice to speak of; she wasn't good-looking, but she achieved good looks, especially around the waist and hips. As soon as she discovered this fact, she came out in an hour-glass corset and black tights, shocked hell out of Boston and achieved fame. She was her own manager and press-agent and even her own lawyer. She paid no more attention to a suit for breach of contract or any other legal entanglement than if it didn't exist, except once when someone told her that if she insisted on getting married in New York state she would be arrested for bigamy. So she went to New Jersey and got married — to a man who turned out to be a bigamist. Gorgeous stuff.

EMPRESS OF THE DUSK: A Life of Theodora of Byzantium, by John W. Vandercook. \$2.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. This is grand entertainment, as Byzantine in colors and wonders as a Ringling Brothers circus pageant. It should be labeled a novel, but Mr. Vandercook prefers to think of it as biography and history; and with as much right as Gibbon had to call his account of Theodora history or as had Procopius, from whom Gibbon got his stuff, to call *The Secret History* any kind of history. *The Secret History* is a mess, full of contradictions and absurdities. Much of the stuff about Theodora's vices Procopius swiped bodily from Suetonius' *pornographia* about

Vipsiana Agrippina and Messalina. Gibbon, in following Procopius, did not exercise his usual skeptical eye and comparative method, probably because *The Secret History* afforded him an unusual opportunity both to indulge his natural prurience and employ his ironic circumlocutions to the wittiest advantage. Mr. Vandercook has, quite rightly, thrown out most of that Procopius-Gibbon junk. But he has followed Procopius in outline and in some instances without proper skepticism. Nevertheless, he has written a book as good, in its kind, as *I, Claudius*, which Robert Graves called a novel although its material was taken from Suetonius, much of it word for word. He has skillfully evoked a vision of a dramatic epoch in history.

THIS WAR, by Thomas Mann. \$1.00. *Knopf*. A brief essay — sixty-six short pages — but eloquent, impassioned, wise and unforgettable. Dr. Mann exhorts his brother Germans to throw off their perverted gangster-rulers, for victory of the sort these Nazis seek will be more cruel than defeat. "A world subjected but not won will be in eternal revolt against its infamous oppressors." The book will be especially discussed for its defense of the British Empire, despite its faults, as "more than an Empire . . . a civilization."

THE LIFE OF A PAINTER, by Sir John Lavery, R.A. \$4.50. *Little, Brown*. It is a curious fact that whereas lawyers, doctors, musicians, actors, sculptors, composers, directors, bankers, businessmen and politicians rarely can write well, painters nearly always can. Whistler had a wit to match Wilde's, Sir Joshua Reynolds a wit to match Johnson's; Gauguin wrote well; Blake was as much a poet as he was a painter; Booth Tarkington started out in life as a painter; so did Manuel Komroff; Rothenstein's memoirs were eye-bulging to professional writers. Lavery, a London Academician, is no exception to the rule. Here is an autobiography full of interesting stuff about scenes and people, written in vigorous, even racy style, without "literary" pretentiousness. Illustrated with about 100

reproductions in rotogravure of Sir John's paintings, including one of Shirley Temple and her mother.

CONFESSIONS OF AN INDIVIDUALIST, by William Henry Chamberlin. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. The concluding chapter of this autobiography was published in the *MERCURY* recently under the title *Credo of an Individualist*. Mr. Chamberlin, who has only just entered his forties, achieved that credo through intimate experience of life in his native America, in Stalinist Russia, in Japan, in Nazi Germany, and now in France. As a newspaperman of exceptional intelligence and scholarly habits of mind he has probed, in all these places, deep below the surface. The story of his "education," his emergence as an unregenerate individualist in a collectivist era, makes fascinating and rewarding reading. Mr. Chamberlin sees clearly, thinks clearly and writes clearly.

THIS IS ON ME, by Katherine Brush. \$2.75. *Farrar & Rinehart*. A hodge-podge autobiography, bubbly and easy to take throughout and really memorable in spots. Its method — personal narrative interlarded with samples of pertinent literary work, including complete short stories — makes the book especially stimulating to professional writers. If you don't like Mrs. Brush by the time you're through with the book, see a psychoanalyst.

A FEDERATION FOR WESTERN EUROPE, by W. I. Jennings. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. An invaluable companion volume to Clarence Streit's *Union Now*. On the whole Mr. Jennings' proposals, embodied in a draft constitution, are less ambitious than Mr. Streit's — more limited in geographical extent, and more aware of the obstacles.

PICTURE OF HEALTH, by James Clarke. 60¢. *Macmillan*. A graphic word-picture of the human body in its healthy activities. Just how the body works, in digestion, in blood circulation, in muscular control, is simply explained with the aid of chart drawings.

THE OPEN FORUM

I DO NOT QUIT THE MINISTRY

SIR: One vital question comes to my mind as I read the article entitled *I Quit the Ministry* in your June issue: Has Mr. Lawrence succeeded outside of the ministry, in doing that which he was unable to do in the ministry? And should his answer to that question be in the affirmative, I would have to insist that a host of clergymen within the fold of the Church are doing as much and more.

My church gives me an opportunity to express my convictions without pulling any punches. In the matter of the Christian alternative to war, I have preached the Union Memorial Sunday Sermon in a rural community church a number of times. At these services the local post of the American Legion always attended in a body. One day at the close of one of these services, a brother pastor remarked: "Brother —, if I said one half as much as you say denouncing war, I would be run out of town, but because you are a member of the Legion, the boys applaud you, and approve of what you say, and ask for more."

Again, I am interested in more Christian racial relationships. I am able to bring Negro speakers into my pulpit, and my congregation warmly approves. A few months ago I strongly advocated, in a morning service, a policy in our local Christian hospitals whereby Negro girls and Negro men might receive training in these hospitals as nurses and internes. My church is located about halfway between two large hospitals of my denomination, from the staffs of which it numbers about fifty members. A few days later, the same sermon was delivered over the air on the Council of Churches hour. Only one person in my church (a deaconess) protested. The Federation of Colored Women's Clubs of this city, through its secretary, expressed its appreciation of my

stand. The Council of Churches shortly thereafter requested me to go on the air again on two definite dates, to deliver sermons on subjects of my own choosing.

I refuse to play politics in my local church or in my denomination. I have never sought to get a better church than the one I was serving. Whenever the church authorities have seen fit to move me, it has always been to a larger church paying a larger salary (which seems to be the yardstick by which some measure churches). Perhaps I would "rise" faster if I played politics. My experience convinces me that it is not politics, but unswerving devotion to an ideal, which influences Pastoral Relations Committees and also the Bishop's Cabinet when it comes to appointing a clergyman to any church. But whether in a large church or a small church, whether with large or small salary, there is always the opportunity to open the eyes of the mature to new avenues of social thinking and living, and to train the youth to apply the principles of Jesus to the affairs of everyday living. I honor Mr. Lawrence for his frank and honest article, but for me, I choose the ministry.

Sincerely yours,

K.W.S.

Cincinnati,
Ohio.



THE PENSION PROBLEM

SIR: I, for one, cannot let Stanley High's article *The Bonus Lobby Rides Again* go unchallenged. Did you ever stop to think if it were not for the American Soldier, it makes no difference what the war, you wouldn't even have a magazine, let alone an American magazine, and probably you wouldn't even be

here? And if you were living you probably would be paying a foreign government a lot more than the soldiers' pension will cost you when it goes through, as it will.

Try being a soldier yourself sometime. Go through waters infested with danger, face the firing line, wading in mud and slush up to your knees, trying to sleep a bit in a cold dug-out infested with cooties and maybe you eat and maybe you don't. When it's all over you come back to the states and try — yes I say try — to get your job back. Then perhaps you won't begrudge the soldier his pension.

If Mr. High really wants to do something good ask him to write an article on "paying the farmer not to raise crops." I am sure the response will be greater than that to his article on paying the soldier for what he did.

W. B. WALTON

Lima,
Ohio.

SIR: As a member of the American Veterans Association and as a citizen I write to offer you my congratulations and thanks on the article in your May number entitled *The Bonus Lobby Rides Again*. I think you have performed a great and courageous service to the public by promulgating the information regarding veterans' pensions.

GEORGE C. SHATTUCK

Boston,
Massachusetts.

SIR: As one who was a hero one day and a bum the next, I would like to point out some of the more egregious misstatements made by Stanley High in your May issue. The first thing that caught my eye was "pleasant cantonment." If Mr. High served in one of these then his luck was better than mine, and I am not a finicky person. He makes much of the fact that the discharged soldier received \$60 in cash, but does he know that this was sometimes delayed for as much as three months? Meanwhile the ex-hero had to eat. Furthermore, at least half of those discharged had no civilian clothing; and in those frenzied days \$60 did not go very far.

Mr. High speaks of a vast vocational training program. He does not state, however, that this was available only to those who were so disabled that they could not return to their former occupations. He is bitter about pensions for totally disabled veterans where such disability was not a direct result of war service. He neglects to state that this is not available to those who pay income tax, and that it amounts to \$30 a month. He is equally disturbed about the veterans' hospitals. In the vast majority of cases it means that or no hospital at all. Free dental service? Yes, if you are an inmate of a hospital or military home, but then only if actually necessary. He says the Organization of Disabled Veterans are not supporting the pension drive. This is for the very human reason that they have already got theirs.

E. N. FOGUE

Corona,
California.

DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY

SIR: I have read with great personal interest Craddock Goins' article in your May issue, entitled *Daughter of the Confederacy*. Having been born and reared in Syracuse, I was well acquainted with Alfred Wilkinson. I well remember the flutter that Winnie Davis caused on a visit to Syracuse, especially in the hearts of the fond mamas whose eligible daughters were angling for Wilkinson, who had both wealth and social position. They were as resentful of his capture by a Southern lady, however distinguished, as the Southern aristocrats could possibly have been of winsome Winnie's choice of a Yankee. From the Southern standpoint the case was still further aggravated by the fact that Mr. Wilkinson's mother was a sister to the Reverend Samuel J. May, who was one of the most rabid abolitionists in Central New York.

DEAN ALVORD

Belleair,
Florida.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

SIR: In the matter of the ruction now going on in Europe, the flood of propaganda, prejudice and hyothetical "news" drowns the underlying issue. I hear and read all I can find on both sides (which is plenty) and mix it up with a little history. At the risk of oversimplification, I will say that the general situation seems to me to be this:

For a long time England has held the balance of power in Europe. Since about 1900 Germany has been trying to take it away from her.

There are of course a mass of details, most of which are artificially injected into the discussion by one side or the other. All which is no concern of ours. We couldn't settle it if we wanted to: and if we did the settlement wouldn't last.

CHARLES W. BOWMAN

Brownsville,
Pennsylvania.

SIR: Will you allow me a few words in answer to the letter headed "British foreign policy" in your March issue, where the action of the German in Poland is likened to that of the British in South Africa? The point missed is that the British had no pact with the Boers, while the Germans proclaimed openly, a few months before the war, that Poland had nothing to fear from them, there being a pact of non-aggression between the two countries.

Your correspondent says that the Germans were taking back what had formerly been taken from them. Apparently he doesn't remember the partition of Poland at the end of the eighteenth century. But another point much more important is — for me, this one: The Germans had Poland under their rule for more than a century and were hated as much at the end as at the beginning. Fifteen years after the Boer War South Africa stood for England in the war of 1914, and also stands for it in this war. I don't want to defend the British methods; they are quite able to do it without me. But even the Irish, admittedly the most bitter foes of England, prefer to stay neutral rather than help Germany. One of

their Senators wrote a few months ago that the liberty of Ireland was due only to the British navy, and that was quite right.

Now for the French. If you want to understand the way we feel about Germany, try to put yourself in the place of our womenfolk. When I was young I had my great-grandmother. She was born under Napoleon I. Her mother had seen the Germans beaten back at Valmy during the Revolution. She herself saw them in Paris after the Napoleonic wars (1814-15). She saw them again in Paris in 1870 with her children and grandchildren, one of whom was my mother. My mother saw them in France in 1915 with her daughters and granddaughters. She sees again this war, at eighty-five, with her great-granddaughters. That makes seven continuous generations of French women who have sent their husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers to fight. Well, they've had enough of it. They don't hate Germany but they ask that at any cost Germany be made harmless. That's what we are fighting for.

M. QUESNEY

Fauville-en-Caux,
Seine-Inférieure, France.



RASCOE-BAITING

SIR: Mr. Burton Rascoe's review of my book, *Native Son*, under the heading *Negro Novel and White Reviewers*, certainly introduced some brand new and unheard of principles into American literary criticism. What in God's name has "He is a handsome young man; his face is fine and intelligent . . ." got to do with the merits or shortcomings of a novel? I had hoped that the MERCURY's review of *Native Son* would be as objective as my treatment of Bigger, but I suppose that's hoping for too much from the MERCURY these days.

Mr. Rascoe hopes that now, with *Native Son* out of my system, I'll give some sweetness and light. No, not yet. I'll be dishing out this for quite some time to come. Understated in Mr. Rascoe's review is this attitude: "Why in

the world does a Negro writer want to bother with such stuff when he can write differently and be liked for it and paid for it?" The answer is simply this: I don't choose to. I prefer to write out of the background of my experience in an imaginative fashion. I don't prefer to streamline my stuff to what the public will like. It is no fault of mine that *Native Son* is selling; it was not written to sell, but to convey in terms of words an American-Negro experience of life. Too often when a Negro writes something which wins a prize, or sells, and which carries in it a note of protest, a white reviewer rises to ask: "What is he yelling about? He's making money, isn't he?" Has the MERCURY fallen that low?

Following his personal line, Mr. Rascoe implied that I tried to insult the members of the Dutch Treat Club. What rot! I don't think a single person in that audience misunderstood my remarks (not a speech!) to the extent that Mr. Rascoe did. When I attended that luncheon my book had been off the press for about two weeks; I knew that very few of those present had read it. I took the occasion to remark that I hoped they would meet Bigger Thomas if they had the time; that is, I expressed my hope that they would read the book. Only a "Negro-baiter" could twist such a statement and make it mean something else.

As an artist I reserve the right to depict the actions of people I do not agree with, Aristotle to the contrary! After reading Mr. Rascoe's review, I wondered why he did not reprint Buckley's speech and let it stand as his view; it would have been more clean-cut and honest. Yes; while writing the book I realized that Max's speech would be "utterly loathsome" to many people. That is why Max said:

Of all things, men do not like to feel that they are guilty of wrong, and if you make them feel guilt, they will try desperately to justify it on any grounds; but failing that, and seeing no immediate solution that will set things right without too much cost to their lives and property, they will kill that which evoked in them the condemning sense of guilt. . . .

Does not this fall in line with Mr. Rascoe's statement that "We Americans are constitutionally for the underdog, so long as it does not seriously interfere with the business at hand of getting along"? I know that and that is why I wrote as I did. Max's speech anticipated every point raised by Mr. Rascoe. Read the book again, Mr. Rascoe, and pay close attention to Max's speech, which was directed toward men of your attitude. And remember that the author wrote that book, in the words of Max, as "a test symbol" to determine if 100 per cent Americans would feel "utterly loathsome" when confronted with one of their own historical mistakes! *Mr. Rascoe ran true to form!*

RICHARD WRIGHT

Cuernavaca,
Morelos, Mexico.

(Note: Nowhere in his review did Mr. Rascoe imply that this novelist "insulted" anyone. Neither can we find in it the remotest suggestion of "Negro-baiting." — ED.)

END

APPROVING MR. RASCOE

SIR: I haven't always agreed with Burton Rascoe's judgments. But his plain talk in the May MERCURY about *Negro Novel and White Reviewers* makes up for a lot. And he could have said much more than he did about the lesser but conspicuous faults of author Wright's tract. Author Wright's account of Bigger Thomas' arrest, imprisonment and trial is a curious mess of absurdities beyond the latitude of fictional license: The ludicrously inept newspaper references and quotations; the implication that a communist organizer and a communist lawyer were the only white people in Chicago with a word or impulse of sympathy for Bigger; likewise, that he was abandoned by all of his own race, which couldn't happen while Ida Wells Barnett still lives, to name no others. And so on. Rascoe did a good job.

BERNARD J. MULLANEY

Arlington,
Vermont.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

JOSEPH H. BAIRD, a native of Texas, was successively correspondent for United Press in Washington, Moscow and London, and is now in the Capital again for International News Service.

ULRIC BELL of the Louisville, Kentucky, *Courier-Journal* has been a Washington correspondent since 1921. He also paints.

BUNKER BLAISE, formerly of the *New Yorker* staff, is at work on a book on St. Louis frontier days. He is twenty-seven.

H. N. BRAILSFORD, distinguished British journalist, writes regularly for the *Manchester Guardian*. He is the former editor of the London *New Leader*, and author of *Property or Peace* and other books.

KARL DETZER is a prolific magazine contributor. His latest novel is *Contrabando*.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON, a native of North Carolina, now twenty-three, is at Harvard, studying poetry with Robert Frost and Robert Hillyer.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER, who ranks among the leading American poets, has published fourteen volumes of poetry, three prose works, two translations from the French.

HERBERT HOOVER, the only living ex-President of the United States, is at present devoting his time to European refugee and relief activities.

LARRY NIXON is an expert on vacationing and vagabondage; author of *Escape at Home*, *American Vacations*, *Vagabond Voyaging*, etc.

J. H. POLLACK is on the staff of the magazine *Jewish Frontier*.

JOHN DRURY RATCLIFF was formerly an editor of *Fortune*, and science editor of *Time* and *Newsweek*. He is the author of *Modern Miracle Man*.

PAUL ROSENFELD is the author of *Discoveries of a Music Critic*, *An Hour with American Music* and other works on music.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL is the author of *Benjamin Franklin*, *Emerson*, *Red Tiger* and other books of biography and fiction.

HORTENSE LANDAUER SANGER was born twenty-nine years ago in Dallas, Texas, where she still resides. Her poems have appeared in various magazines and anthologies.

HARRY F. SWARTZ, M.D., a practising physician, was medical consultant on Helen Morgan's *You Can't Eat That!*

NATHANIEL WEYL is author of the recent *Reconquest of Mexico: The Years of Lázaro Cardenas*.

FULGENCE WORMHOLE, the English poet, lives in East Dulwich, London.

f you read for pleasure—

try any one of these 27 engrossing books published by The American Mercury. You'll find it virtually impossible to put down once begun. Only 25c

Thirteen Steps—Whitman Chambers. A thrilling story with a brain-twisting plot, a violent love affair, a breathless murder trial, all set against the alistic background of the room.

Company K—William March. An unforgettable collection of personal experiences woven into a single, powerful, intense, moving drama of the Great War.

Thieves Like Us—Edward Anderson. The thrill-packed novel of a girl from justice and the girl who chanced death with him through days and nights of haunting terror.

Weeping Is for Women—Donald Barr Chissey. What an illicit love affair did to the plans of a lifetime.

Diamond Jim Brady—Parker Morell. The lust, scandalous, fascinating life of the fabulous cowboy.

Hot Saturday—Harvey Fergusson. With unerring delicacy the author tells the eternal problem of womankind.

Criss-Cross—Don Tracy. A fast-moving story of love, intrigue and murder.

The General—C. S. Forester. A virilic novel of romantic bravery—and at the same time an inside story of war.

Mantrap—Sinclair Lewis. A little firebrand misanthrope finds life with her trapper husband unbearable, and seeks a way out.

I Cover the Waterfront—Max Miller's famous book containing

Out of the thousands of novels published each year, Mercury Books are carefully selected for your pleasure and entertainment. Choose any one at random and you will be sure to get a thoroughly enjoyable, fast-moving, exciting story. Printed on a good grade of paper from good, clear, new type, and sturdily bound in a special English-finish flexible paper cover, they are as easy on your eyes as on your pocketbook.

his wise, witty, macabre tales of the Frisco docks.

To the Vanquished—I. A. R. Wylie. An extraordinary chronicle of young love during the rise of Hitler.

Death in the Deep South—Ward Greene. The exciting story of mob passion, violence, and under-cover politics in a mysterious murder case.

Indelible—Elliot H. Paul. A stirring novel about a young musician's passion for a girl violinist.

Once Too Often—Whitman Chambers. A fast-moving story of a successful lady columnist who traded once too often on her fascinating beauty.

The Prodigal Parents—Sinclair Lewis. A story of the problems of modern parenthood.

The Loving Spirit—Daphne du Maurier. A stirring novel of the men and women of one family who loved and hated fiercely but found peace in each other.

East Wind; West Wind—Pearl S. Buck. This poignant novel by the author of "The Good Earth" tells a fascinating story of conflict between the old and new China.

parents tries with startling results to arrange his life to his liking.

25 The Light That Failed—Rudyard Kipling. The crowning achievement of one of the world's most beloved writers.

26 Never in Vain—J. L. Hardy. author of "Everything Is Thunder." The fierce and passionate novel of a man who was born a killer, of one woman who tamed him, and of another who again released the tides of violence.

27 The Dutch Shoe Mystery—Ellery Queen. A thrilling story of murder in a modern hospital—in the sparkling Ellery Queen manner.

28 Jamaica Inn—Daphne du Maurier. author of "Rebecca." "This is a story that should keep many a reader awake all night. It is well worth the loss of sleep."—John Clair Minot, Boston Herald.

NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

29 Class Reunion—Franz Werfel. "Werfel's name has been proposed several times for the Nobel prize. 'Class Reunion' should further that movement."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

READY JULY 2

30 Dr. Norton's Wife—Mildred Walker. "She has produced a moving love story of adults caught in one of the essential problems of living."—New York Herald Tribune.

MERCURY BOOKS, Dept. M740
570 Lexington Avenue, New York

Please send me the books whose numbers I have encircled below. I enclose \$..... in full payment (at 25c per copy) — no additional charge for postage. It is understood that I may return these books at any time within five days for full refund.

3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
16 17 18 19 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

This offer good only in United States and possessions

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If, when you have read some or all of these books, you are not entirely satisfied, simply return them within five days and we will promptly refund your money. Order now while the supply lasts. All 27 books \$6.75 — any 12 books \$3.00 — any 8 books \$2.00 — any 4 books \$1.00. Single copies 25c each.

Each group of four books will be packed in a handsome library case

MERCURY BOOKS, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

If you enjoy Alan Devoe's fascinating nature articles in THE AMERICAN MERCURY each month, you must not miss his book, published under the same familiar title, *Down to Earth*. Butterflies mating; the birth of an earthworm; the deadly struggle between starfish and oyster; the secret dance of the skunks — these things and hundreds more Alan Devoe has observed with a primitive thrill which he transmits to his readers. *Charmingly illustrated*. \$2.50 at your favorite bookstore. Published by Coward-McCann, Inc., 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Recorded MUSIC

Mozart — *Requiem Mass*, K 626 (Victor Album 649, \$12.00). This is the first edition of a composition extraordinary for its interweaving of magnificence and triteness. The performance by the University of Pennsylvania Choral Society, the Philadelphia Orchestra and undistinguished soloists under the direction of Harl McDonald is competent and frequently brilliant, with a dynamic scope rather oppressively large for listeners not essentially charmed by the virtuosity of choral bodies. The recording has been accomplished with unusual skill for so difficult an ensemble of ensembles.

Mozart — *Symphony No. 35, in D, 'Haffner'* K 385 (Columbia Album M-399, \$4.50). The apotheosis of light music, in a fine performance that would have been a great one with less haste in the expression of the gentle plain of the *andante*. The London Philharmonic Orchestra is at its best under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham, and modern recording permits this album definitely to supersede two earlier versions.

Rimsky-Korsakov — *Scheherazade*, Op. 35 (Columbia Album M-398, \$10.00). The brilliance of an endlessly fascinating Suite detailed by Artur Rodzinsky and the excellent Cleveland Orchestra without transcending the indications of the score. This persuasive and musicianly restraint is matched by a recording of solid fidelity; and as a whole the new edition seems the most desirable of phonographic *Scheherazades*.

Harris — *Symphony No. 3* (Victor Album 651 \$4.50); Hanson — *Symphony No. 2* (Victor Album 648, \$8.00). Two symphonies by American composers, both well played — the Harris by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston

Symphony Orchestra, and the Hanson by the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra conducted by Mr. Hanson himself — and impressively recorded. They have little in common except that they are not masterpieces; but the Harris has some real interest and the longer and more traditional Hanson is plainly the work of a competent musician.

Purcell-Cailliet — Suite from Dido and Aeneas (Victor Album 647, \$4.50). In spite of the historical distortion wrought by the tropical richness of Lucien Cailliet's orchestration, and the overwhelming response of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy to the appeal of that richness, this music retains a great deal of beauty, and is very well recorded.

Beethoven — Symphony No. 6, 'Pastoral', Op. 68 (Columbia Album M-401, \$10.00). The pronounced conductorial talents of Dimitri Mitropoulos stunningly misapplied in a nervous, over-emphatic and super-dynamic conception of the serenest of Symphonies. The recording and playing of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra are worth a better demonstration of the conductor's interpretive faculties.

Boccherini-Françaix — Scuola di Ballo (Columbia Album X-157, \$3.50). Unrelated short movements from one of the best of slighted composers, here gently libelled by the insistent extreme lightness of the Suite thus arbitrarily selected. The arrangement by Jean Françaix is crude, clever and effective for ballet use; the playing of the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Antal Dorati is spirited and proficient, and the recording is very bright.

Beethoven — Quartet No. 3, in D, Op. 18, No. 3 (Victor Album 650, \$3.50). The third of the chronological Coolidge edition of Beethoven's Quartets, with the same distinguished playing, careful recording and modesty of cost as its predecessors.

Haydn — Quartet in D, 'Largo', Op. 76, No. 5 (Columbia Album M-400, \$5.00). A beautiful work in a coarse performance by the reorganized Roth Quartet.

C. G. B.

TWO UNUSUAL NOVELS

By G. B. STERN

A Lion in the Garden

Whimsical, humorous, yet of the depth and in the inimitable prose that is Miss Stern's exclusive own. \$2.50

By GEORGES BERNANOS

THE Star of Satan

The remarkable mystic and dramatic story which sold 250,000 copies in France in record time. \$2.50

all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
New York



Bestseller Library

25¢ each

These carefully chosen books are well-printed, on a good grade of paper, from new type. They are sturdily bound, in strong, flexible paper covers. At 25¢ each these books are exciting bargains: —

1. *Adventures of Ellery Queen*
2. *One More Spring*

by Robert Nathan

3. *More Adventures of Ellery Queen*

THE AMERICAN MERCURY M-7-40
570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Bestseller Library books whose numbers I have circled below. I enclose \$..... in full payment (@ 25¢ a copy) — no additional charge for postage. It is understood that I may return these books at any time within five days for a full refund.

1 2 3

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Good only in the United States and possessions



The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT
Stories, Novels, Books Sold. Our clients on Best Seller Lists and in national periodicals. Fiction, non-fiction writers advised, promoted. Unknown authors assisted. Highly recommended aid for revision and publication. Information on request. 49 West 42d St., New York.

ANTHONY CARLSON

Literary Agent

Novels, Stories, Books, Poems Sold. Personal aid in criticism, editing, revision for publication. New writers assisted. Write now for information regarding our resultful service. 115 North 24th St., Camden, New Jersey.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT and **HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS** supplied; also family and town histories, magazine back numbers, etc. All subjects, all languages. Send us your list of wants — no obligation. We report promptly. Lowest prices. (*We Also Buy Old Books and Magazines.*)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 W. 48th Street Dept. M New York

WE SPECIALIZE, and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation. THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS, Station O, Box 22, N. Y. C.

RARE COINS

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News and feature articles on coins, medals and paper money. Six month trial subscription \$1.50. Sample copy 30c. Write for circular. American Numismatic Association, 99 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GENERAL

Social Correspondence Club

EXPERIENCE the thrill of romance thru this select club! Introductions-by-letter. This club is conducted to help lonely, retired men and women find compatible friends. Discreet, confidential service. . . Nationwide membership. Established 1922. . . Sealed particulars FREE. EVAN MOORE, Box 988, Jacksonville, Florida.

SOCIAL CONTACTS made thru our personal attention. This is but another mode of making congenial acquaintances. Discriminating clientele. Send for Free particulars. Ladies enrolled free.

SOCIAL CIRCLE REGISTER

Box 855

St. Louis, Mo.

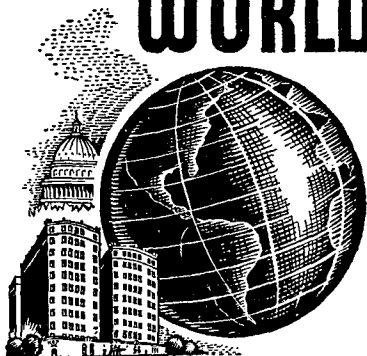


Listen to the fascinating "Adventures of Ellery Queen" on the Columbia Broadcasting System, Sunday evenings.



Then read the most daring, and the most exciting of them in "More Adventures of Ellery Queen" in the Best-seller Library edition at 25c. Just published, and on sale at all good news-stands.

HOST *to the* WORLD



NEW YORK CITY OFFICE:
521 Fifth Avenue MURRAY Hill 6-2386
CHICAGO OFFICE:
77 West Washington St. STate 5864

WASHINGTON'S FINEST HOTEL

invites you to enjoy the superb
comfort, convenience, and cui-
sine that have made this inter-
nationally famous hotel preferred
by discriminating world travelers.

Single Rooms from \$4.00
Double Rooms from \$6.00

M *The Air Conditioned*
AYFLOWER
WASHINGTON, D. C.
R. L. POLLIO, Manager

The LITERARY BAZAAR

Continued from page 382

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page
catalogue free.
Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

—NEW CONTACTS—

Through our PERSONAL SERVICE dedicated to
the promotion of friendships. Discriminating client-
ele. Vast New York City membership. Personal
interviews. Social gatherings. Write or telephone.

Grace Bowes, Director

AMERICAN SERVICE

3140-AM Godwin Terrace, New York City
TELEPHONE KINGSBRIDGE 6-2921

**WHEN YOU VISIT THE WORLD'S
FAIR BE SURE TO PHONE US**

THE LITERARY BAZAAR places before you its large
and wealthy collectors' market. Announce your first
editions, your rarities, your literary services, your stamps,
prints and coins in this section. A half-inch advertisement
(about 40 words) now costs only \$5.00 — and on a twelve
time order only \$4.00. Write Dept. LB 7, THE AMERICAN
MERCURY, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

TEST THIN-FLEX BLADES at our expense!

If you don't agree that these THIN-FLEX
Blades give you a better shave than you ever
had before — they cost you nothing.

60 THIN-FLEX Blades \$1.00
(double-edge) for only
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Try 3 blades upon receipt of your order and
if you don't think they are the finest blades
you ever used, return the others and we will
refund your dollar in full.

PLAZA MERCHANDISE CO. M-7-40
130 East 51st Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me 60 THIN-FLEX Blades for which I
enclose \$1.00. If I am not delighted I will return
\$7 and you will refund my dollar in full.

Name
Address



**A
NEW, QUICK,
SMART WAY
to file your
snapshots
PERMO
FOTOVUE
ALBUM**

No pasting — no loose tabs. Just slip photos into transparent pockets which show a picture on both sides, with room for their negatives in between. 24 pictures to a page. A visible index identifies each. Holds more snapshots, securely and neatly. Pockets of Eastman acetate. Looks like a beautiful book on your shelf.

**Black Simulated Leather
Edition 1.95**

... with pockets for 72 pictures and room
for 72 more.

DeLuxe Brown Simulated Rawhide Edition . . 2.95

... with pockets for 96 pictures and room for 96 more.

Extra Pockets, 6 for 35c

PLAZA MERCHANDISE CO.
130 East 51st Street, New York, N. Y.

M-7-40

Please send me the Permo FotoVue Albums as marked below. I will pay the postman your special advertised price, plus a few cents actual government C.O.D. charge. It is understood that if for any reason I am not satisfied with them, I may return them within five days for full refund.

- ☐ — Black Simulated Leather Edition @ 1.95 each
☐ — DeLuxe Brown Simulated Rawhide Edition @ 2.95 each

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

POSTAGE FREE. Check here ☐ if you wish to save government C.O.D. charge by enclosing remittance with the order.

Accept this example
of the marvelous
Literary Guild
values

free!
WITH FREE MEMBERSHIP
IN THE LITERARY GUILD

HOW TO READ A BOOK"

by Mortimer J. Adler

(Continued from other side of this cover)

s, Dostoevsky and Marx. He gives you
practical rules for good reading, and the
of these rules is the key to a liberal educa-

tion. Then Dr. Adler lists his pick of the great books
of all time for your reading, if you would be truly
educated. The Literary Guild offers "How to Read a
Book" as a gift, without cost, to new members for a
limited time.

the Literary Guild Gives You This Current Top Best-Seller Free

principal reason is to encourage imme-
diate acceptance of our offer of *free member-*
the Guild. This gives you the privilege of
many important new \$2.50 to \$5.00
fiction or non-fiction, whenever you
them, for only \$2.00.

How You Save Up to 50%

Literary Guild selects each month an out-
ing new book from the forthcoming lists.
ough the publisher's editions sell for from
to \$5.00, Guild members pay only \$2.00
these same books, in handsome Guild edi-

tions. Guild selections are delivered to members, *on
approval*, the same day the publisher's edition is
placed on sale.

Magazine "Wings" Free

The famous Guild magazine WINGS contains articles
about the current selection and its author. It is profusely
illustrated. WINGS is also an invaluable guide to current
reading, for each month it reviews about 30 new books,
any of which may be purchased through the Guild at the
established retail price.

WINGS also contains an advance description of the book
to be selected the following month. If you do not want that
book, merely notify the Guild not to send it. But if the selec-
tion sounds interesting, you may have it sent for your ap-
proval. Buying as few as four selections within one year
keeps your membership in force.

Other antages of membership

Members who pur-
chase Guild selec-
tions within the six-
month period between
May and June, or
October and December, re-
ceive a Bonus Book
valued at \$3.00 or more.
The Service starts
as you mail the
"How to Read a
Book" which will be sent to
you immediately. Send
money — just the
accept your FREE
membership in the Lit-
erary Guild at once.

Literary Guild of
America, Dept. 7A.M.,
Rockefeller Plaza
New York City

Mail This
Card Now

"HOW TO READ
A BOOK"

FREE

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA
Dept. 7A.M., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York

[SPECIAL LIMITED
SHORT-TERM OFFER]

Please enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild and send me free "How to
Read a Book." I am also to receive free each month the Guild magazine
"Wings" and all other membership privileges. It is understood that I will
purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only \$2.00 each (regard-
less of the higher retail prices) within a year, and that I may purchase, if I
wish, any other books in print at the established retail prices.

Name

Address

City State

Occupation

POST OFFICE WILL
CEPT THIS CARD
STAMP NECESSARY

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED
For plan serving Canadian members, write the
Literary Guild, 388 Young Street, Toronto Canada

AMERICA'S TOP BEST-SELLER

FREE!

MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY GUILD

★ LEADS ALL NON-FICTION

"From *How to Read a Book* I have actually learned how to read a book."

CLIFTON FADIMAN, *The New Yorker*

EVERY DAY A THOUSAND PEOPLE GLAD
PAY \$2.50 FOR THIS AMAZING VOLUME

HERE is the book that all America is talking about; the book it is buying and taking home from bookstores about as fast as the printer can turn out new copies. May we lay a copy of this stimulating new book into your lap for all cost?

Who would have thought that America would read over a book about how to read a book! Some people said it was "an insult" — of course, they knew how to read a book; what was this business of trying to make reading appear difficult, just in order to unravel the difficulty? They bought the book and see. Then you could almost hear the "Hmms", "Ahs" and "Ohs" as the light began to dawn. They discovered that, while they had read millions of books in books, they had actually read very few books — because they hadn't known how. Now for the first time in their lives they were learning how!

How to Read a Book

THE KEY A LIBRARY EDUCATION

Mortimer J. Adler
unlocks and opens
wide the "wonder
doors" thus let
you read and
understand the world's
great original thinkers
from Homer to Shakespeare,
Goethe to Shakespeare,

Continued on other side

SEE OTHER
SIDE OF
THIS COVER